

VIZ

PRESENTS

GAD
the
SEXIST



THE
JOY
OF
SEXISM

Viz - The Joy of Sexism

The inside front cover is blank.

THE JOY OF SEXISM

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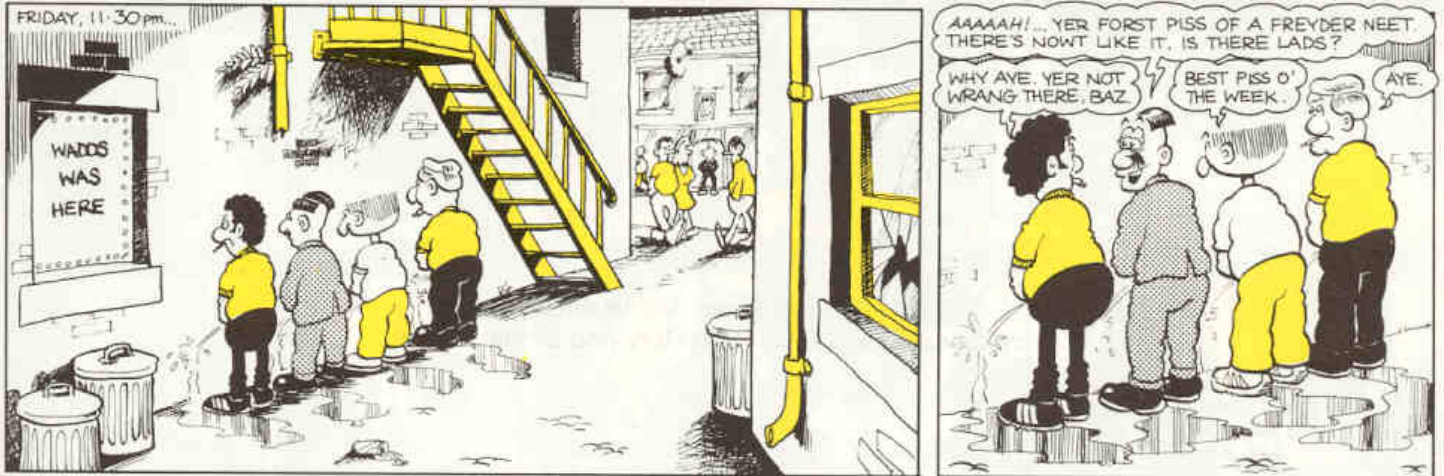
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SID the SEXIST

featuring BAZ, BOB and JOE

in a feature length farrago of filth

For Whom The Bells Toll





CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



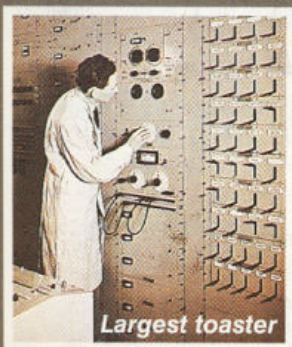
Worst woman driver

T H E

SEXIST BOOK



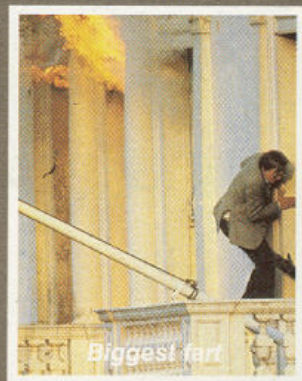
Softest porn



Largest toaster

OF

RECORDS



Biggest fart



Most pencils

Car Parking

The smallest kerbside space successfully reversed into by a woman was one of 19.36m 63 ft 2 ins, equivalent to three standard parking spaces by Mrs. Elizabeth Simpkins (GB) driving an unmodified Vauxhall Nova 'Swing' on the 12th October 1993. She started the manoeuvre at 11.15am in Ropergate, Pontefract and successfully parked within three feet of the pavement 8 hours 14 mins later. There was slight damage to the bumpers and wings of her own and the two adjoining cars, as well as a shop frontage and two lamp posts.



The World of Women

Driving

Car repairs

The largest bill for fictitious work carried out on a woman's car by garage mechanics was one of £6322.88 charged by Joskin Bros, Motors Ltd. of Stevenage. Calling in for a routine service on her one year old Peugeot 305, Mrs. June Spears agreed to pay for, amongst other things, new trumpets (£752), cracked Gangle pin (£1785), realignment of main glib shaft (£2268), new grommets (£112), set of hexagonal Tag nuts and dangleberry adapter (£35) and new piss-take valves (£120). No work was actually carried out on the car during the six weeks it spent at the garage but 4000 miles was put on the clock and she later received a speeding summons from Italian police.

Traffic light cosmetics

The longest spell spent oblivious to traffic lights whilst applying make up was one of 1 hr 51 mins 38 secs by Ms. Janet Dodson (GB) at a road junction in the centre of Preston on the 1st August 1975. Ms. Dodson, a piano



Incorrect Driving • Dr. Julie Thorn and the Saab 900 in which she made her record breaking drive on 2nd April 1987.

teacher, beautified herself through 212 cycles of the lights, creating a tailback of irate motorists stretching 28 miles towards Leeds.

Incorrect Driving

The longest journey completed with the handbrake on was one of 504 Km 313 miles from Stranraer to Holyhead by Dr. Julie Thorn (GB) at the wheel of a Saab 900 on the 2nd April 1987. Dr. Thorn smelled burning two miles into her journey at Aird but pressed on to Holyhead with smoke billowing from the rear wheels. This journey also holds the records for the longest completed with the choke fully out and the right indicator flashing.

Shopping

Shop Dithering

The longest time spent dithering in a shop was 12 days between 21st August and 2nd September 1995 by Mrs. Sandra Wilks (GB) in the Birmingham branch of Dorothy Perkins. Entering the shop on a Saturday morning, Mrs.

Traffic light cosmetics • A section of the 28 mile grid lock caused by Janet Dodson in August 1975.

Wilks could not choose between two near identical dresses which were both in the sale. After one hour, her husband, sitting on a chair by the changing room with his head in his hands, told her to buy both. Mrs. Wilks eventually bought the one for £12.99, only to return the next day and buy the other one. To date, she has yet to wear it.

Mrs. Wilks also holds the record for window shopping longevity, when, starting on September 12th 1995, she stood motionless gazing at a pair of shoes in Clinkard's window in Kiddeminster for 3 weeks 2 days before eventually going home.

Jumble Sale Massacre

The greatest number of old ladies to perish whilst fighting at a jumble sale is 98, at a Methodist Church Hall in Castleford, West Yorkshire on February 12th 1991. When the doors opened at 10.00am, the initial scramble to get in cost 16 lives, a further 25 being killed in a crush at the first table. A seven-way skirmish then broke out over a pinafore dress costing 10p which escalated into a full scale melee resulting in another 18 lives being lost. A pitched battle over a headscarf then ensued and quickly spread throughout the hall claiming 39 old women. The jumble sale raised £5.28 for local boy scouts.



Social

Talking about Nothing

Mrs. Mary Caterham (GB) and Mrs. Marjorie Steele (GB) sat in a kitchen in Blackburn, Lancs. and talked about nothing whatsoever for four and a half months from 1st May to the 17th August 1978, pausing only for coffee, cakes and toilet visits. Throughout the whole time, no information was exchanged and neither woman gained any new knowledge whatsoever.

The outdoor record for talking about nothing is held by Mrs. Vera Etherington (GB) and her neighbour Mrs. Dolly Booth (GB) of Ipswich, who between 11th November 1983 and 12th January 1984 chundered on over their fence in an unenlightening dialogue lasting 62 days until Mrs. Booth remembered she'd left the bath running.

Gossiping

On February 18th 1992, Joyce Blatherwick, a close friend of Mrs. Agnes Banbury (GB) popped round for a cup of tea and a chat, during the course of which she told Mrs.

Jumble sale massacre • The Revd. Julian Spriggs helps one of the few dazed survivors of his jumble sale.

Cinema

Video Lesbianism

The longest period of time that two women in a pornographic film have sat together on a settee without starting to fondle each other is 8.3 seconds in the 1994 low budget production 'Strap on Sally, Vol. 3' (US). The longest a woman has sat alone on a settee without starting to fondle herself is 5.2 secs in the same film.

Film Confusion

The greatest length of time a woman has watched a film with her husband without asking a stupid plot-related question was achieved on the 28th October 1990, when Mrs. Ethel Brunswick (GB) sat down with her husband to watch 'The Ipcress File'. She watched in silence for a breath-taking 2 mins 40 secs before asking "Is he a goody or a baddy, then, him in the glasses?", revealing a staggering level of ignorance. This broke her own previous record set in 1962 when she sat through 2 mins 38 secs of "633 Squadron" before asking "Is this a war film, is it?"

The Human World

Fluffy Toys

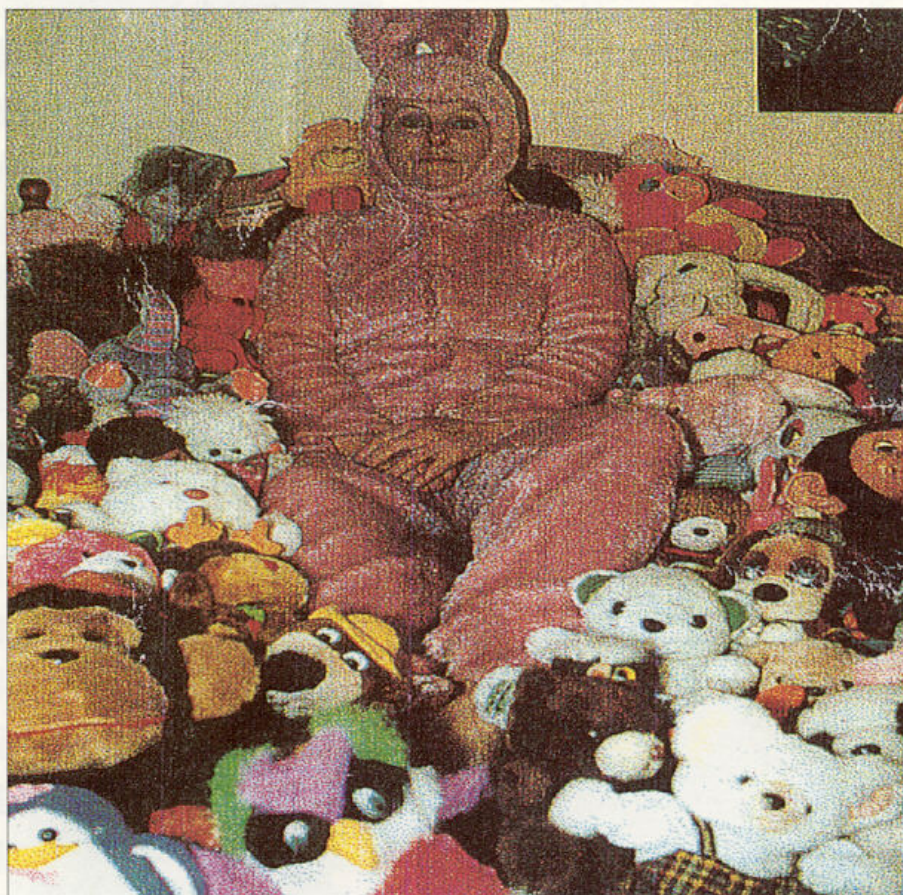
The biggest collection of ridiculous fluffy toys on a woman's bed is one of 7046 belonging to 28 year old Sharon Merson (GB) of Bodmin, Cornwall. The collection, weighing 857Kg 1885 lb includes 2295 teddy bears, 1146 puppies and kittens, 1208 Garfields, 947 Paddingtons, 877 Snoopies and 573 assorted pigs, elephants and gonks -all with their own names! After kissing them all good-night, a process which takes up to five hours, Miss Merson sleeps on the floor.

Banbury, in the strictest confidence, that she was having an affair with the butcher. After Mrs. Blatherwick left at 2.10 pm, Mrs. Banbury immediately began to tell everyone, swearing them all to secrecy. By 2.30pm, she had told 128 people of the news. By 2.50 pm it had risen to 372 and by 4.00 that afternoon, 2774 knew of the affair, including the local Amateur Dramatic Society, several knitting circles, a coachload of American tourists which she flagged down and the butcher's wife. When a tired Mrs. Banbury went to bed at 11.55 that night, Mrs. Blatherwick's affair was common knowledge to a staggering 75,338 people, enough to fill Wembley Stadium.

Huff Longevity

The longest recorded huff taken by a woman was one of 57 years 9 months

Fluffy toys • Sharon Merson of Cornwall, ready for bed with some of her 7046 fluffy friends.



Gossiping • Mrs Agnes Banbury of Cheadle, Cheshire. Britain's champion scandal monger.



8 days by Mrs Glenda Bavington (GB). Following a misunderstanding over a sausage roll and an egg sandwich at a New Years Eve party in 1936, she went into a huff with her sister Betty and didn't talk to her again until their father's funeral on 8th October 1994. Despite working alongside each other on the bakery counter of the local Co-op in Aberystwyth, Dyfed for the first forty years of the record, Mrs. Bavington looked straight through her sister and pretended she wasn't there. At a New Years Eve party in 1994, the subject of the sausage roll was brought up again and the huff recommenced, lasting until Betty's death earlier this year.

Miscellaneous

Daytime TV

The greatest amount of Australian soaps watched in a single eight hour day without getting out of the chair was 34 hrs 28 mins by Mrs. Rita Cunliff (GB). This record was achieved using five television sets and three video recorders on 22nd January 1996. When Mrs. Cunliff's husband returned from work he had to make his own tea.

Group Toilet Visit

The record for the largest group of women to visit a toilet simultaneously is held by 147 workers at the Department of Social Security, Longbenton. At their annual Christmas celebration at a nightclub in Newcastle upon Tyne on October 12th 1994, Mrs Beryl Crabtree got up to go to the toilet and was immediately followed by 146 other members of the party. Moving as a mass, the group entered the toilet at 9.52pm and, after waiting for everyone to finish, emerged 2 hrs 37 mins later.

Orangest skin

On March 4th 1995, Miss Kelly Marie Prestwick (GB), a sales assistant in the perfume department of the John Lewis store in Leeds was independently assessed by chromatologists from the Laboratoire Garnier as having a skin orangeness equivalent to 165 on the Pantone classification scale. This is about twice as orange as the skin of a satsuma.

The World of Men

Food and Drink

Beer Drinking

The greatest amount of beer drunk before going to the lavatory was 25.5 litres 45 pints of assorted weak lagers by Mr. George Wingfield (GB), downed in various pubs in Knutsford High Street, Cheshire, between 12.15pm and 2.38pm on the 22nd December 1986.

Hottest Curry Eaten

Many claims are made about the ferocity of curries eaten, but in the main they are difficult to substantiate. The hottest verifiable curry eaten was a XXXHot Chicken Murg Thaal with extra chillies consumed by George Wingfield (GB) at the Bengal Tiger Restaurant, Knutsford on 23rd December 1986. The curry was reportedly so hot that between kitchen and table it burst into flames, singeing the waiter's eyebrows.

THE SEXIST TIMES

Single Breath Sentence Record SMASHED!

AN Oxfordshire woman today became the first ever to break the thirty minute barrier for talking without drawing breath.

Mrs Mavis Sommers, 48, of Cowley smashed the previous record of 23 minutes when she excitedly reported an argument she'd had in the butchers to her neighbour. She ranted on for a staggering 32 minutes 12 seconds without pausing for air before going blue and collapsing in a heap on the ground. She was taken to the Radcliffe Infirmary in a wheelbarrow but was released later after check-ups. At the peak of her mammoth motormouth marathon, she achieved an unbelievable 680 words per minute, repeating the



main points of the story an amazing 114 times whilst her neighbour, Mrs Dolly Knowles nodded and tutted. The last third of the sentence was delivered in a barely audible croak, the last two minutes being mouthed only, accompanied by vigorous gesticulations and indignant spasms.

October 18th 1996



Beer drinking • George Wingfield, holder of many of the least enviable records in this book.

Physiology

Urinating

The longest piss delivered at one continuous scoot was one of 36 mins 24 secs by Mr George Wingfield (GB) in the doorway of a newsagents shop in Knutsford High Street on 22nd December 1986. Mr. Wingfield was arrested and charged with a public order offence 17 minutes into his record attempt, but arresting officers had to wait a further 19mins 24 seconds before taking him back to the station for a kicking.

Biggest Fart

The largest and most catastrophic fart was one dropped by Mr. George Wingfield (GB) in the car park of the Dog and Duck, Knutsford on the morning of 24th December 1986.

Suffering from terrible guts, Mr. Wingfield gingerly attempted to squeak one out whilst bending to pick up his car keys, but the resulting flatulent explosion blew his entire digestive tract out his arse. Attending firemen hosed down his smoking guts for two hours before paramedics with breathing apparatus could begin the process of pushing them back up.

The Human World

Expletives

On 9th June 1996, Mr. Harold Brayson (GB) struck his thumb with a stone mason's mallet whilst breaking concrete in his back yard in Tewksbury, Gloucestershire. He went on to swear for 14 mins 7 secs without stopping or once repeating a swear word. He later attempted to better this feat on BBC TV's Record Breakers programme by dropping a car battery on his foot. It ended in failure when he repeated the word bastard after 12 mins 58 secs.

Pottest belly

The overhanging beergut belonging to Trevor Chisholme (GB) of Chorley, Lancs weighed in on July 7th 1996 at a mammoth 148.7 kg 23 st 6lb. Not including his record breaking super pot, Mr. Chisholme himself would weigh a mere 49.3 kg 7 st 10lb. He achieved this impressive feat in only 8 years of relentless heavy drinking, during which time his trouser waist size has remained the same whilst his pot has ballooned above his belt. Having a bilge tank the size of Mr. Chisholme's would be equivalent to walking around with World Champion shot putter Geoff Capes lying in the bottom of your vest.

Holiday Gymnastics

The greatest number of press-ups done in front of some girls on a beach is 6 by Wayne Fletcher (GB) whilst on holiday in San Antonio, Ibiza on 19th August 1988. The girls went off with a waiter.

Uselessness

The record for the greatest inability to do anything practical is held by Rex Broadbent (GB) of Preston, Lancs. During forty years of marriage, Mr. Broadbent's long suffering wife Freda, cooked, washed, ironed, did all the housework, held down two cleaning jobs and brought up six children while her husband, an unemployed gas fitter, watched the telly. On June 28th 1991, she went into hospital to have a hysterectomy, leaving Rex to fend for himself. However, unaware of where the kitchen was, he died of dehydration after just four days, waiting for his wife to come home and make a cup of tea.

Biggest Hockle

Whilst taking a lunchtime stroll from his local pub to the bookmakers on September 8th 1973, Patrick O'Dougle (GB) 1932-1974, a 180-a-day smoker (untipped) stopped momentarily on a street corner in Tipton, West Midlands, to eructate. The record breaking greb he produced was the size of a fully grown tabby cat and was



Biggest hockle • Patrick O'Dougle, the man who brought up a two gallon prairie oyster.

described by horrified witnesses as looking a bit like black cauliflower cheese.

Starting

Scrapyard owner 'Fighting' Frankie Smith (GB) of Blyth, Northumberland, currently holds all UK starting records. In a 26 year starting career, he has started on no fewer than 35, 577 innocent people, mainly in the pubs

Uselessness • Rex Broadbent hard at work doing all he was capable of doing.



Expletives • Harold Brayson gets ready to turn the air blue.

and clubs of Blyth and Ashington. On December 26th 1991, between 12.30 pm and 11.55 pm, he started on 512 people in the Dog and Hammer public house, the most ever achieved in a single day. Smith also holds the record for the oiliest dog and most unstable pile of crashed cars.

Driving

Loudest Car Stereo

The Saisho stereo fitted in the Mk.II Escort belonging to Wayne Fletcher (GB) reached a momentary peak noise level of 312 dB whilst waiting at traffic lights next to some girls in Stockport, Cheshire on 8th July 1988. This noise level is equivalent to 8 Concorde taking off inside the car. The girls walked off.

Car Customisation

Judged as a proportion of the overall value of the car, the accessories fitted to the MarkII Escort of Wayne Fletcher (GB) add up to the world's most expensive car customisation project at 105761%. Between 8th March 1986 and 22nd September 1996, Fletcher had spent a grand total of £63,456.99 at the Stockport branch of Halfords in an attempt to attract girls to his vehicle. His fruitless purchases include a Paddy Hopkirk Full Body Styling Kit (£3500), 'Nightrider' style Disco Stop Lights (£199), Split 45 Weber Carburettors x4 (£200), Scorpion Talking Alarm (£500) and a Chromium plated Mock Twin Exhaust Extension (£285). The car is currently valued at £50 to £60.

Longest Wheel Spin

The greatest length of time a car has screeched its wheels to impress some girls was achieved on 9th July 1988 by Wayne Fletcher (GB) in his MarkII Escort. When traffic lights in Stockport, Cheshire turned green, Fletcher attempted to pull off at such speed that his front wheels spun for an amazing 42 secs before the car began



to move. Both tyres fell to pieces and the clutch dropped out twenty yards down the road. The girls walked off.

Rep driving • Mel Henshaw demonstrates his skills as he crosses the central reservation.

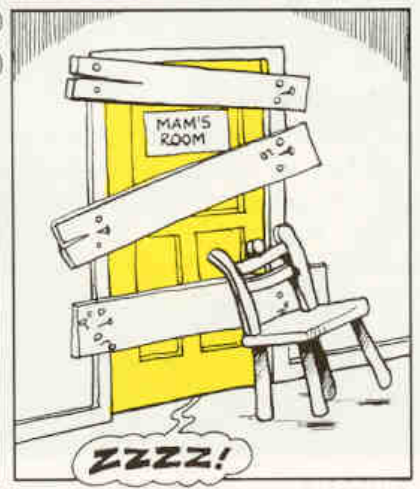
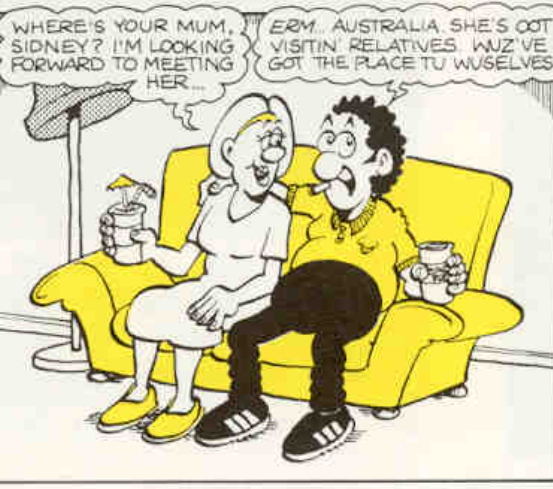
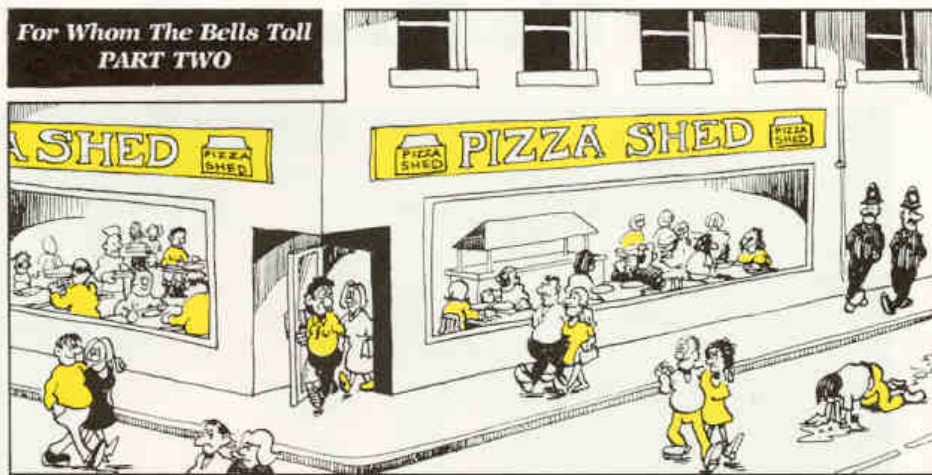


Beach gymnastics, loudest car stereo, longest wheel spin • Wayne Fletcher holder of many showing off records.

Rep Driving

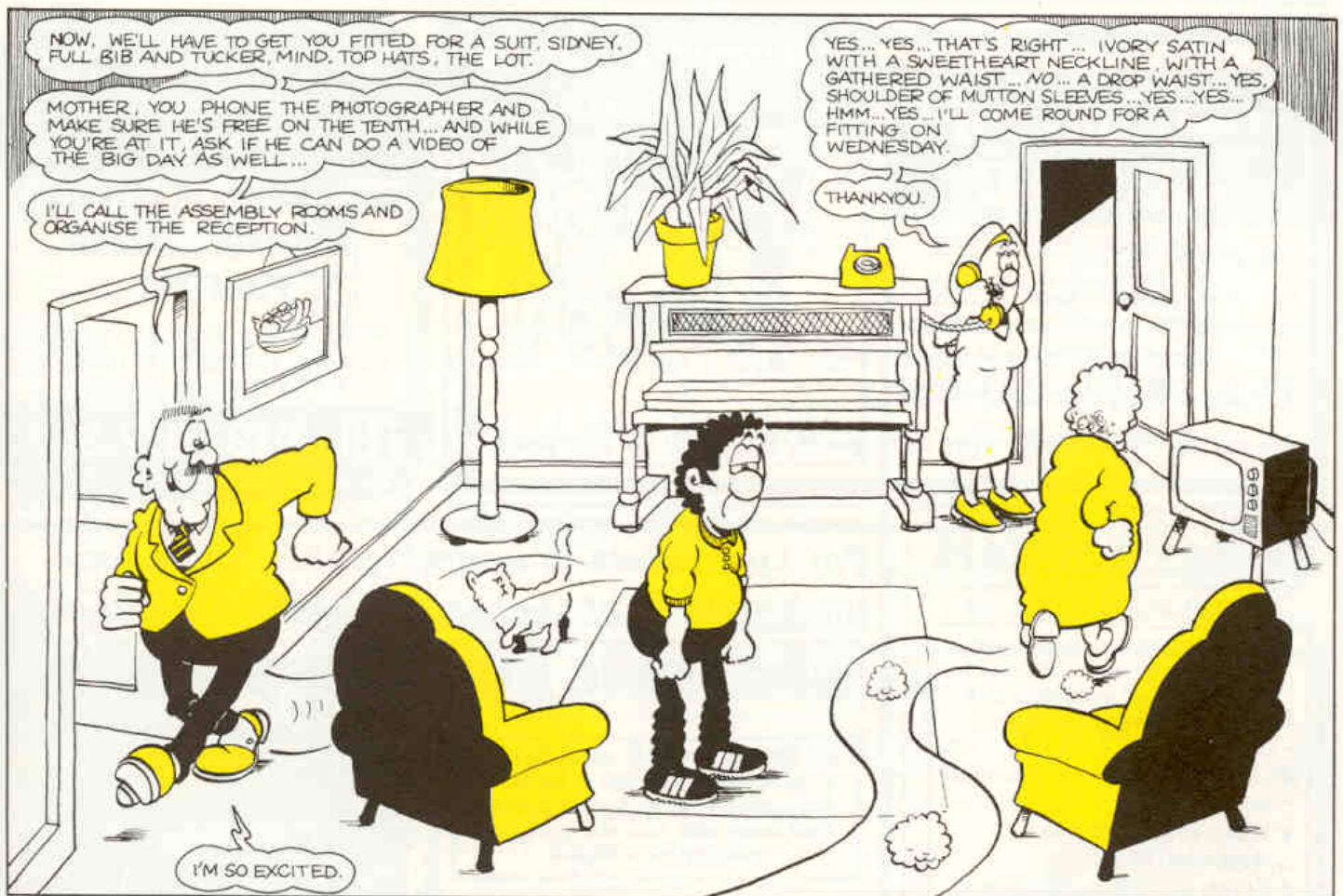
The most impressive display of multi-task driving was achieved by Powdered Egg Salesman Mel Henshaw (GB) at the wheel of his Vauxhall Cavalier 2i GLi. On February 12th 1992, whilst driving at 112 mph in freezing fog on the M1 in South Yorkshire, he simultaneously shaved, ate a sandwich, dictated a letter, read a road map, filled in his expenses, re-tuned the radio, took his jacket off, smoked a cigarette, and spoke to his wife on his mobile phone.

**For Whom The Bells Toll
PART TWO**









CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

AARON A. AARDVARK

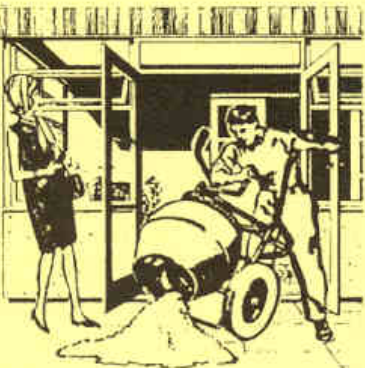
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Aaron A. Aardvark - not very good, but first in the book



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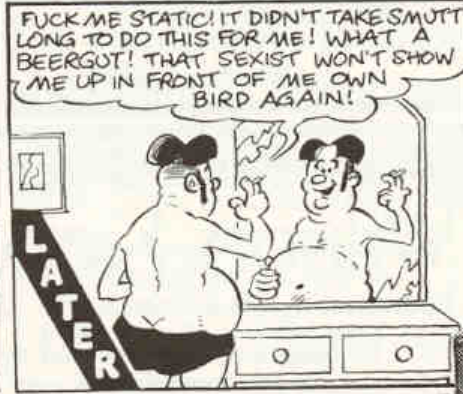
- * Building regulations? - fuck 'em
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THE INSULT THAT MADE A SEXIST OUT OF "CEDRIC"



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ARE you "fed up" with overweight, beer-swilling animals getting all the laughs in the pub by lighting farts and doing "last turkey in the shop"? Sick and tired of having to go to the toilet for a wee after a puny six or seven pints, when we all know that the top shelf tarts won't drop 'em for any man who can't swallow at least a gallon before straining his potatoes? I know just how you feel because, believe it or not, I used to be HALF A MAN too!

My Secret

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop sexism fast. It worked wonders for me - changed me from a polite ten stone nobody who never got a sniff of kipper to a sweaty fourteen stone brass-necked gobshite who has to beat back the high end skirt (who swallow) with a shitty stick.

My patented five point plan involves 300 minutes a day of pleasant practice in the privacy of your room or shed. My method involves no weights, pulleys or springs, just simple things you already have in the home: 120 Embassy Regal, 36 large cans of lager, a boil-in-the-bag curry and the Freemans catalogue. This method has already helped thousands of other fellows become bloated mindless wankers like me in double quick time.

I will make you a Sexist FAST

If you're like I was, you'll want a galvanised kebab proof digestive system and mindlessly offensive personality you can be proud of anytime. You'll want the Jocky Wilson type physique and flatulent personal magnetism that women rave about at the beach or pub. The kind that makes other fellows green with envy.



Sidney Smutt

Awarded the title
"The World's
Most Sexist Man"

SIDNEY SMUTT,
Institute of Sexism, Scrogg Road, Walker

Dear Sid, I am interested in developing the following qualities:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Overhanging bltge tank you can rest a pint on | <input type="checkbox"/> Pallid, rhubarb-like complexion |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inflammable trench warfare type gasses from all orifices | <input type="checkbox"/> Rounded shoulders and stooping gait |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Minimum ten pint bladder capacity | <input type="checkbox"/> Hacking phlegmy cough |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ability to half remember a number of old Bernard Manning jokes | <input type="checkbox"/> Hugely enlarged swearing vocabulary |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Hugely reduced non-swearing vocabulary |

Name _____ Address _____

I accept that the Sidney Smutt method may involve a small but significant risk of cancer (bowel/lung), degenerative liver disease, stunted growth, hairy palms and going blind, a hefty fine and/or imprisonment.

**For Whom The Bells Toll
PART THREE**

NEXT EVENING...

YER GERRIN' FUCKIN' WHAAT?!

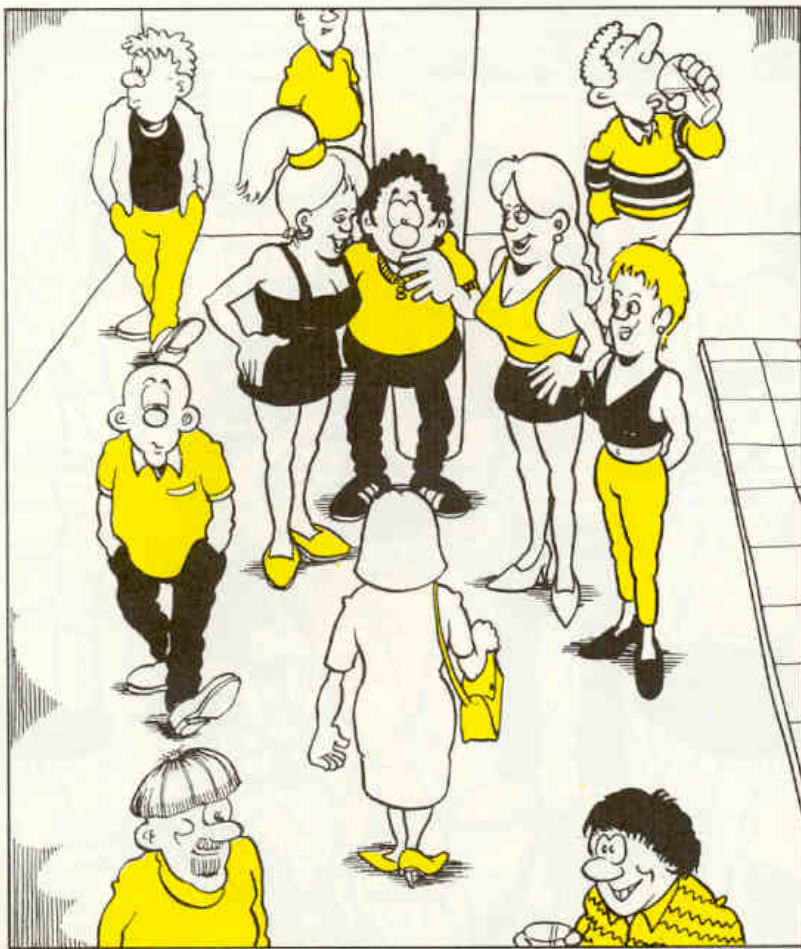
WELL HOW THE **FUCK** DID **THAT** HAPPEN?





INSIDE... BUT I JUST CAN'T DECIDE BETWEEN IVORY WITH THE SCALLOPED EDGE AND OLD ENGLISH SCRIPT OR THE PLAIN OFF-WHITE WITH THE CRINKLED EDGE AND THE SILVER SERIF TYPE, MUMMY LIKES IVORY BUT I'M NOT SURE AND WHAT ABOUT THE CAKE, MUMMY SAYS WE MUST HAVE PILLARS ON THE CAKE, IT'S NOT A PROPER WEDDING UNLESS THERE'S PILLARS ON THE CAKE, SO MUMMY SAYS HOW MANY PILLARS DO YOU WANT, SIDNEY, HOW MANY PILLARS DO YOU WANT, SIDNEY? PILLARS PILLARS HOW MANY PILLARS, SIDNEY, PILLARS SIDNEY, PILLARS, HOW MANY...?





CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Fulchester Joint Matriculation Board
GCE Ordinary Level Examination Paper

Sexism Studies

A stifflingly hot afternoon, June, 1980
time allowed 3 hrs

Attempt all questions. If you do not know the answer to a particular question, attempt to look at someone else's paper by knocking your biro onto the floor and having a shufty while you lean over to retrieve it. You are allowed one visit to the toilet to look at the answers you wrote on the wall yesterday. After ten minutes, request more paper to shit up the other candidates into thinking that you must have wrote loads. Attempt to introduce the one or two facts you are reasonably sure of into the answers to every question. At 4.30 exactly, everybody cough to make the invigilator jump. With three minutes to go, suddenly realise there are 4 more questions on the back of the page that you haven't spotted. You are going to fail.

Section A (20%)

1. Explain why the best women's football team in the world wouldn't stand a chance against you and ten of your mates. Include in your answer
 - a) why they are unable to kick a ball straight
 - b) what you wouldn't mind doing with them in the bath after the match, though.
2. Pamela Anderson's tits are plastic but look good in photographs. Compare and contrast the relative merits of plastic and real tits for recreational purposes.
3. It is a long established fact that fat lasses are more grateful for it. Outline some of the reasons why this is so, and explain why all feminists are fat, ugly lesbians.
4. Write a critique of any ONE of the following films you will have watched at your mates house while his parents were away for the weekend.
 - a) Sex Boat
 - b) Three Into One Will Go
 - c) King Dong
 - d) Speared by Zulu Lovers
5. Women drivers, eh? Discuss.

Section B (20%)

1. Describe an experiment to impress a girl by lighting a fart. What apparatus would you require? What risks would you run in lighting a fart and what are the benefits? Write a balanced chemical equation to describe the reaction that takes place when an eggy fart is lit in a pub with a match.
2. Explain, using diagrams if necessary, how it is possible to tell if a woman is a virgin or not from the way she walks.
3. Name something a woman has invented.
4. Argue heatedly over the respective merits of the Lambourghinni Diablo and the Ferrari Testerossa without ever having seen, let alone driven, either.
5. On average, women live 7 years longer than men yet get their pension 5 years earlier. Explain why this isn't fair, making reference to your lazy old granny who lived to be 100 and your poor grandad who worked 52 years down the pit and died the day before he retired.

North East

Wife Trader

ON SALE NOW!

1st December - 7th December ON SALE AT NEWSAGENTS FROM THURSDAY Price £1 (£50 from printers on Wednesday)

The Regions No.1 Best Selling Wife Mart!!

LOOKING FOR A WIFE?

1000's OF LOCAL SPOUSE BARGAINS EACH WEEK!!

**WIFE UNDER £100?
ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION**

WITH A PHOTO

Only £5
FOR 1 WEEK



MRS. SIMPKINS, 1942 two tone brunette and grey, 18.2 stone, bodywork needs tidying, good solid reliable wife, super cook, tinted glasses, reluctant sale, first to see will buy, only £3.50 ono. Tel. XXXX XXXXXX



MRS. COLLIS, 1922 classic wife, maintained regardless of cost, bills for £100's, mint condition, new hips in 1986, since used only for shopping, eats like a mouse, £300 may p/ex for busty goer with suspenders. Tel. XXXX XXXXXX



OVER

3150

**EXECUTIVE
& PRESTIGE
WIVES**



MRS. LLOYD-JONES, 1950 top of range wife, managing directors missus since new, immaculately maintained inside and out, face professionally rebuilt six months ago, slight drinking problem, looks £1000, only £40. Gold digging secretary forces sale. Tel. XXXX



MRS. PEMBERTON, 1938 small economical runabout wife, curly hair, six months WI membership, 12 months bowls club, two careful husbands, leather handbag, stylish sun glasses, re-offered due to time waster. £25 no offers. Tel. XXXX XXXXXX



MRS. GOLIGHTLY, 1902 fishwife, married last 60 years, tax exempt, nags smashing, still in original hat, some teeth, very rare in this condition, scowls first time, comes with 14 cats and B/W television. Outstanding bargain £30. Tel. XXXX XXXXXX



OVER

750

**VINTAGE
COLLECTORS
WIVES**



MRS. ANDERSON, 1962 36DD sporty wife, blonde, topless in summer, eye-catching bodywork, long legs, goes like a rabbit, a real head turner. £400, reluctant sale due to affair with milkman. Tel. XXXX XXXXXX



MRS. TALBOT, 1934 grey hair, new teeth, recently replaced glasses, full medical history, knits smashing, good condition for year, any inspection welcome, bargain at only £20. Tel. XXXX XXXXXX

IMMEDIATE RESPONSE!!

Mr. Talbot of Shiremoor was very happy after he sold his wife on the first day of publication to a buyer who travelled from Harrogate. He said "I'd been trying to get shot of her for ages without any success. Thank you Wife Trader!"



OVER

1500

**PIGS AND
HOUNDS**

WHO IS THAT MASKED MAN SOARING HIGH ABOVE BIGTOWN CITY LIKE AN EAGLE OF JUSTICE? HALF A NATION THRILLS TO HIS HEROIC EXPLOITS. HIS NAME IS A GOLDEN SYMBOL OF HOPE TO DOWNTOWNED MEN AND A MIGHTY THORN IN THE SIDE OF FEMINISTS EVERYWHERE! HE IS...

CAPTAIN SEXIST



WELL, JUST ANOTHER QUIET DAY IN BIGTOWN CITY. NO SIGN OF ANY FEMINIST ACTIVITY.



OH-OH! WHAT'S THIS? I THINK I SPOKE TOO SOON!

...I'M VERY SORRY MS. HODGSON, BUT I WAS UP WATCHING THE PORN AND DRINKING TILL THREE IN THE MORNING. I OVERSLEPT AND MISSED MY BUS...



THAT'S NO EXCUSE, ROBINSON.

THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK AND I'M NOT STANDING FOR IT!

HMM, JUST AS I THOUGHT...



A BIRD WITH IDEAS ABOVE HER STATION. TIME TO RIGHT SOME WRONGS!

YOU'RE FINISHED HERE ROBINSON. YOU'VE HAD WRITTEN WARNINGS AND IGNORED THEM. THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU IN MY COMPANY. I'M GOING TO WRITE YOUR P45!

BUT MS. HODGSON - I'VE GOT COMMITMENTS. A SEASON TICKET TO UNITED, ACCOUNTS AT THE OFF-LICENCE AND BOOKIES, MY ADULT CHANNEL SUBSCRIPTION.



...NOT TO MENTION THE WIFE AND KIDS.

WA-HAY! ANY CHANCE OF A CUP OF TEA, LOVE? MILK AND SIX SUGARS.



SLAP!

CAPTAIN SEXIST!

HERE YOU'VE PUT ON A BIT OF WEIGHT, HAVEN'T YOU? YOU'RE GETTING A BIT OF A DOUBLE CHIN.



GASP!

MIND YOU, THAT'S A NICE DRESS. THERE'S A BLOKE SELLING 'EM ON THE MARKET. MILLIONS OF THEM HE'S GOT. A FIVER EACH. I BOUGHT ONE FOR ME GRANNY.

JANICE! BOOK ME IN AT WEIGHTWATCHERS...



...AND HAVE HARRODS SEND SOME DESIGNER DRESSES ROUND.

...ERM...ERM...WHAT WAS I DOING?

YOU WERE GIVING ROBINSON A RISE. DOUBLING HIS WAGES YOU WERE.

...ERM...WAS I? OKAY...ERM...BACK TO YOUR OFFICE THEN ROBINSON.



JANICE, GET ME A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR AND SOME SCALES. AND HAVE THOSE DRESSES ARRIVED..?

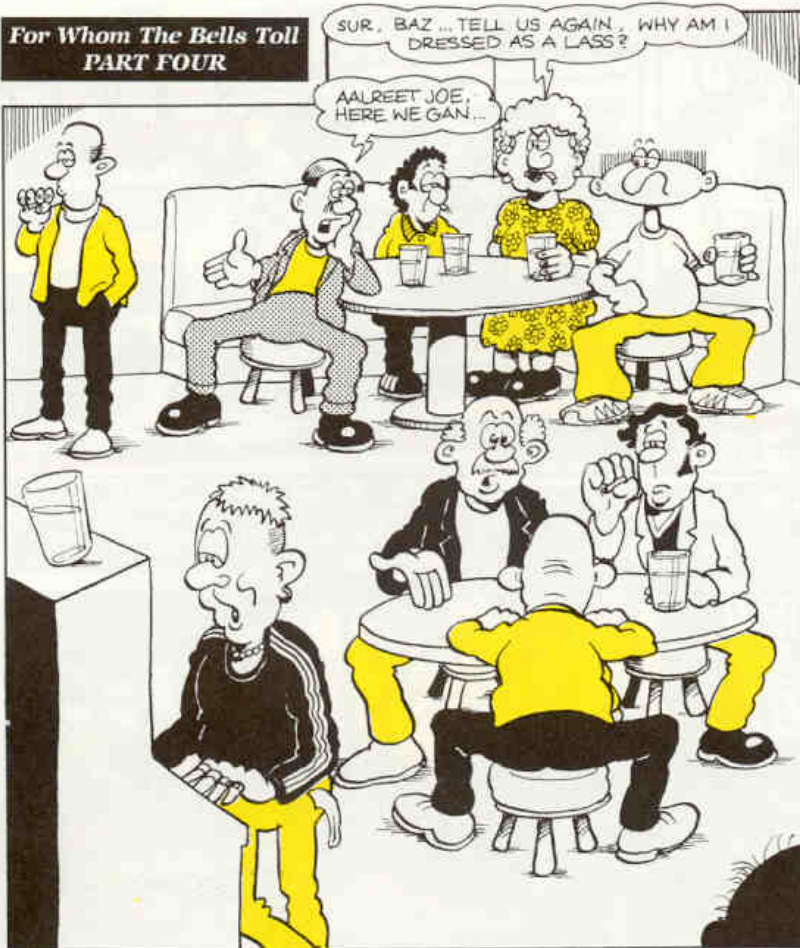
GEE! THANKS CAPTAIN SEXIST!

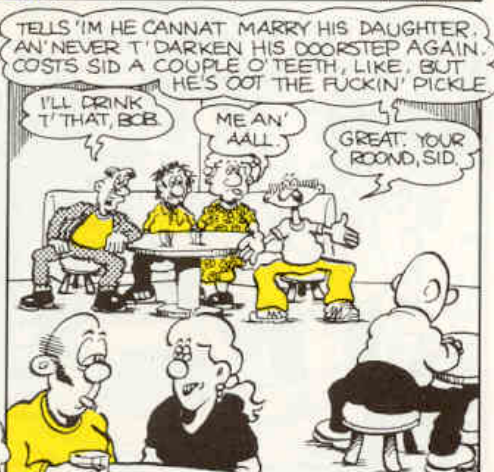


NO TIME FOR THANKS WHILE MEN ARE STILL LANGUISHING UNDER THE IRON THUMB OF FEMINISM!



**For Whom The Bells Toll
PART FOUR**





NEXT DAY...

HOW! WHERE'S ME TWENTY POUND, WOR BOB?

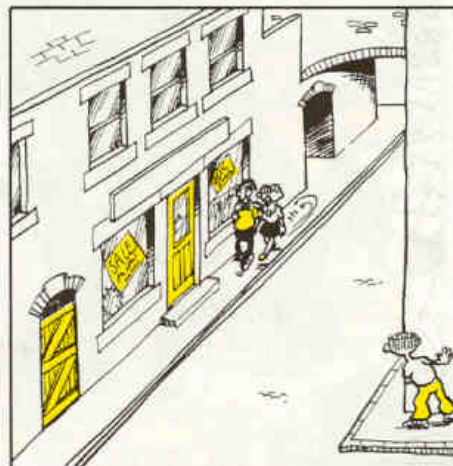


THERE YU GAN. NOW PUT YER ARM ROOND SID AN' WAAK PAST TAAT HAMMA SHOP.

PUT ME ARM ROOND 'IM? Y'NEVER SAID OWT ABOUT *THAT*. IT'S AN EXTRA TENNER T' PUT ME ARM ROOND 'IM.



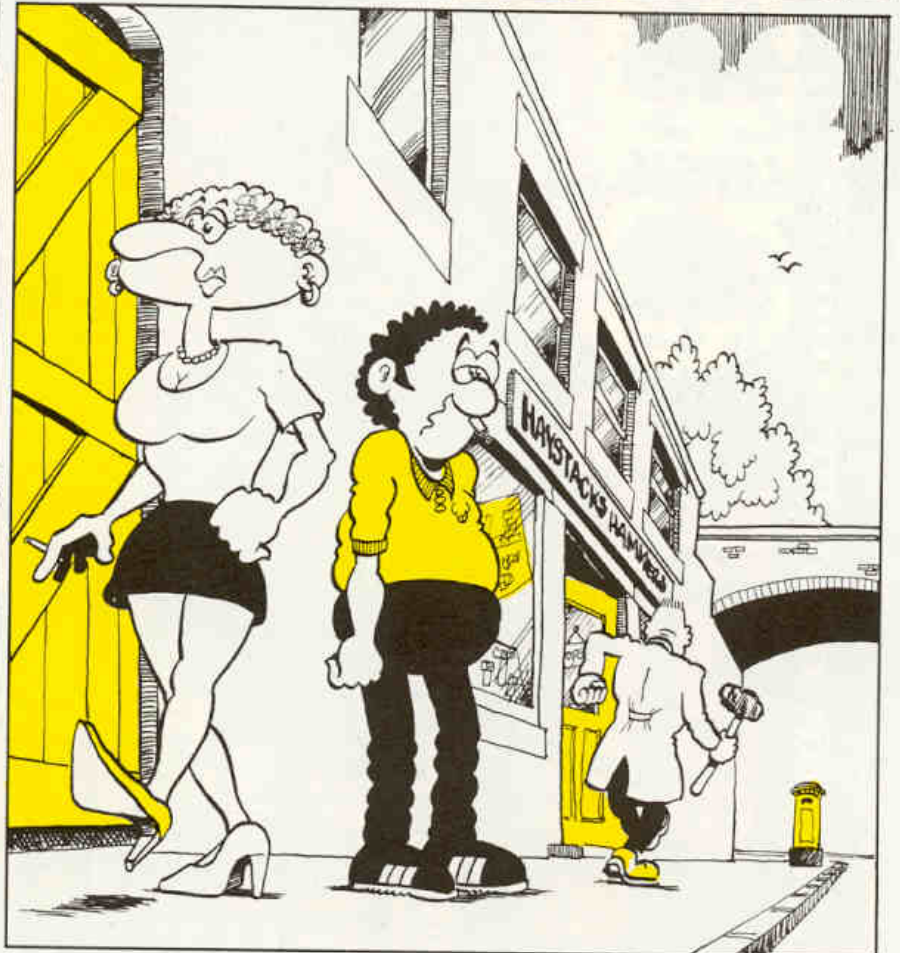
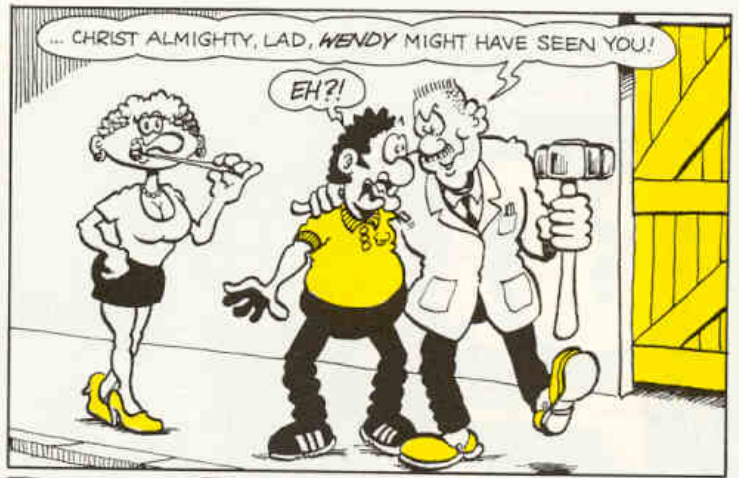
FUCKIN' HELL... IT'S A MAN'S LIFE AT STAKE HERE, BOBETTE, WOMAN... JESUS!... I'LL GIVE IT T'YU WHEN WE GET BACK YEM.



EH?! THAT'S SIDNEY!



OY!! SIDNEY!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

ROLL UP, ROLL UP, FOR THE MOST SEXIST SHOW ON EARTH

**BILLY
SMUTT'S**

CIRCUS

**BERT TWO
RIVERS**

Red Indian
Dinner Thrower

Hold your breath as he
comes in from the pub
and throws his burnt
dinner at his wife.

FEARLESS FREDA

Lady Spider Tamer

You'll not believe your eyes as she takes
quite a big spider out the bath - armed
only with a glass and a birthday card

The World Famous

BILLY SMUTT DISSED UP BLOWING

They're rude, they're crude and
they're been drinking since breakfast

**ALFREDO
GAZZPACCI**

Scooter Stuntman

Thrill as he rides
blindfold round
the ring
pinching
60 birds
on the
arse

**PRINCESS
MARINA**

Tightrope Walker

Look up and gasp as she treads
the high wire 50 feet above the
ring - without the aid of knickers!

**OLAF THE
FEARLESS**

Lion tamer

Shows no fear
as he puts his
wife's head
into a lion's
mouth

STROMBOLI the MIGHTY

Gets the lid off the tomato
sauce for his wife - without
using the doorframe

THE AMAZING KEITH

Traditional Plate Washing Act

Gasp as Keith's missus washes
40 plates simultaneously - while
he has a cup of tea

Plus the

BILLY SMUTT BIG TOP SHOWGIRLS

They can't sing, they can't dance, but they've got massive tits.

APPEARING ALL THIS WEEK AT:

**A FIELD KNEE DEEP IN MUD
AND ELEPHANT SHIT**

Watch for the **NIPPLEPRINT** envelope dropping through *your* letterbox...

NIPPLEPRINT

'FREE' POST

NO STAMP
REQUIRED IF
YOU'VE ALREADY
GOT ONE

NIPPLEPRINT
'FREE' POST
SHIPTON LABS
UNIT 3635
GRIMSBY
BUSINESS PARK
CHESHIRE

ONE FOR
THE WALLET

ONE FOR
THE SHED

ONE FOR
THE TOP OF THE
WARDROBE

Not looking forward
to your holiday snaps?
You'd look forward
to OURS!

WHAT'S MORE you'll receive
with every order a very
poor quality film indeed-
completely FREE!

"My wife blew her top when our snaps came back. I told her I would throw them away but I've hid them behind some tins of paint in the garage. Thank you, NipplePrint."

Mr. R.
London

"A thousand thanks for 'mislaying' my photos. My wife is no oil painting, unlike the cracking piece in the topless prints that dropped onto my mat. I told her there must have been a mix up at the labs and the daft cow fell for it."

Mr. B
Essex

...and get to it before the missus.

Tired of 36 jumbo glossy prints of your glossy jumbo missus smearing herself with sun oil? Fed up with framed enlargements of your wife's enlarged frame? Send your film to us, and we guarantee you'll receive the **wrong photos**. Completely 'by accident' we'll send you 36 assorted pics of the most gorgeous bird you've ever seen, baking herself on a naturist beach in Spain- and your missus will be none the wiser.

Alternatively...

Have you taken a snap of your old boot but managed to get some topless stunner in the background, frolicking in the pool? Throw away your magnifying glass and ask about our Mucky Selective Enlargement Service.



From this...



to this...



or this...

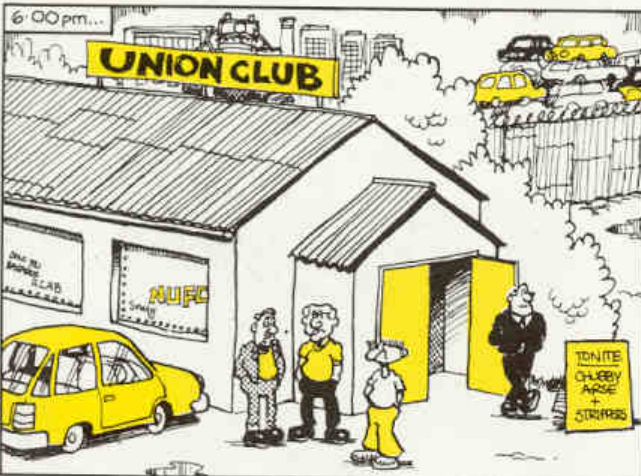
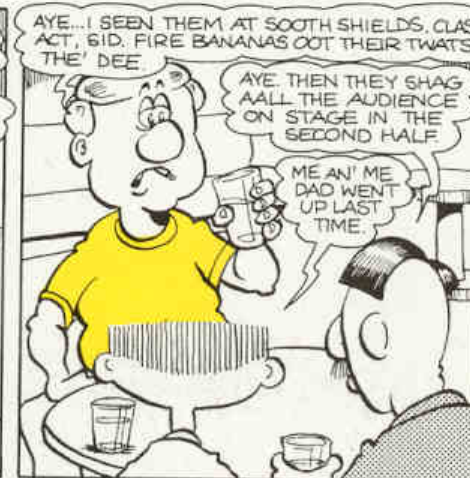


For Whom The Bells Toll
PART FIVE

FRIDAY AFTERNOON...

FUCK ME, LADS...
I'M FINISHED.

THIS TIME THE MORRO' I'LL BE MR. WENDY FUCKIN' HAYSTACKS... NEXT STOP THE PRAM SHOP, THEN IT'S DOONHILL TU THE CREMATORIUM VIA THE FUCKIN' GARDEN CENTRE.



ON JUNE 8TH THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ELECTION

Keith Tinsdale, candidate for the Married Man's Party wants your vote.

Alone amongst Britain's major political parties, the MMP recognises that married men are the victims of unfair treatment. Many men work long hours each day, leaving the house early in the morning and often not returning from the pub until gone midnight. On Saturdays they are expected to trudge endlessly round the shops with their wives, buying food and children's clothes when they should be asleep in front of the telly watching football. And thanks to ~~xxxx~~ this government's relaxation of trading laws, Sundays are no longer a day of rest to be spent in the club, many men being forced to visit garden centres to buy bedding plants. In addition, many married men face the prospect of years of being nagged regularly to put a shelf up. The Married Man's Party believe that change is long overdue and we ask ~~xxxx~~ that on June 8th you help bring about that change.

We in the Married Man's Party DEMAND:

- Our tea on the bloody table when we get in
- How's Your Father on request
- Stop going on all the bloody time
- An end to being asked what the last thing you ~~xxxx~~ said was
- Stop going through our bloody pockets
- Spend as long as we like on the toilet, if necessary all the way through Exchange and Mart

And we will NOT:

- Change shitty nappies
- Look up from our newspaper at breakfast
- Listen to a single bloody word you say
- Lift a finger in the kitchen
- Lift the toilet seat up before, or down after a Jimmy Riddle
- Have your Mother round at Christmas, sticking her bloody nose in

In return we WILL:

- Put spiders outside
- Open sauce bottles
- Put that shelf up. Soon.

Your Candidate

Keith Tinsdale is a 48 year old panel beater who has lived in the Fulchester East ward all his life. He is largely self educated, but sometimes attended the Councillor Tonks Comprehensive School where he excelled at metalwork and fighting. He is married with 8 or 9 children who all attend local schools and borstals. His ~~xxxx~~ wife Marie is just a housewife. He has a wide range of hobbies, as diverse as drinking, smoking and darts. He can be contacted by his constituents at any time in the snug of the Dog and Hammer, where he holds forth on a number of subjects.

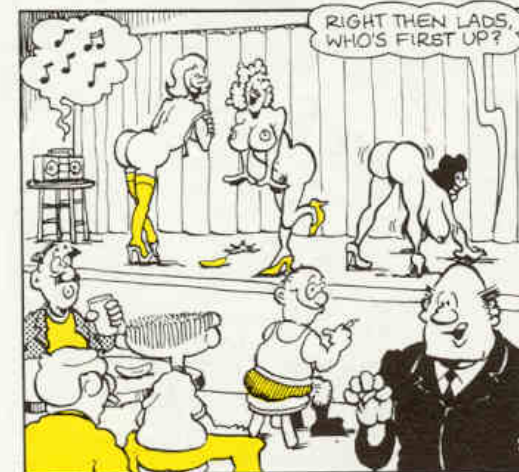
Remember, keep the missus in on June 8th and Vote Married Man



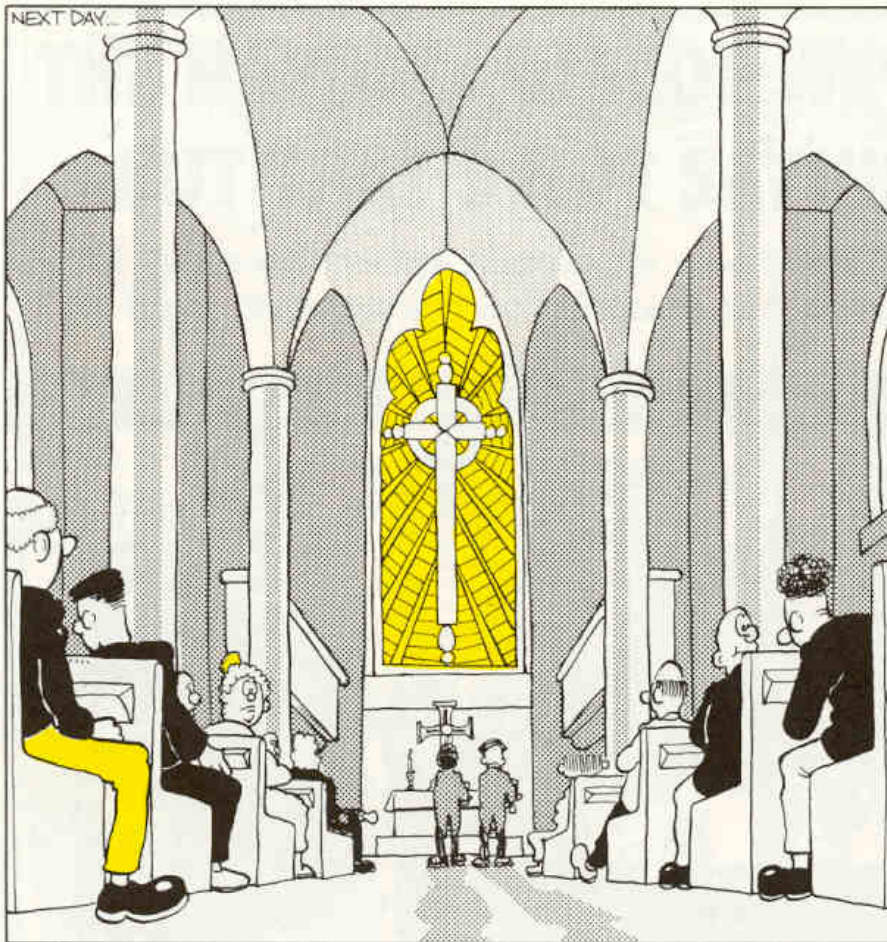
TINSDALE







NEXT DAY...



FUCKIN' LUCKY ESCAPE THAT, SID. THANKS TU MY QUICK THINKIN' EH?

NEXT TIME YU WANT A BLUR JOB, SID, GET YASEL' DOON
PINK LANE WI' TWENTY POOND LIKE EVERY FUCKER ELSE.

SILENCE IN ZE RANKS!

The End.

THE HARDEST VIDEOS WE'VE EVER SOLD - BUT THAT'S NOT SAYING VERY MUCH

All these videos are absolutely un-cut as there is absolutely nothing in them remotely explicit enough to warrant censorship of any kind.

YOU WON'T HAVE SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT IN ADULT VIDEOS BEFORE!



£27.95 ea.
or 4 for £100

WIDE OPEN AND WILLING

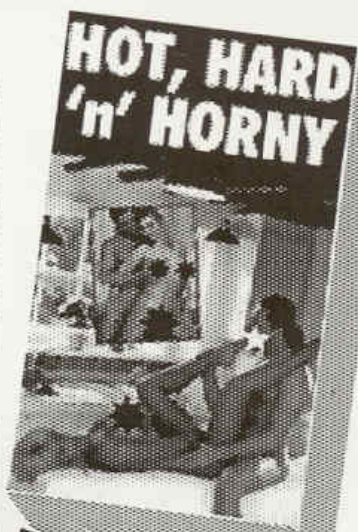
Cindy Smallpiece, a 38DD sex mad red-head just loves to dress up. She finds putting on her black fishnet stockings, split crotch panties and black stilettos a real turn-on... but not as big a turn-on as taking them off! However, despite featuring heavily on the packaging, she's not actually in the video, which features a stripper with flu from Stoke Newington hurriedly taking her clothes off in the back of a warehouse in Clapham in return for fifty quid cash. With wow and flutter soundtrack of cheesy music from a battery operated cassette recorder, this will be one of the least erotic experiences of your life. Price £27.95.

SIXTH FORM PREFECTS

What happens when two sexually frustrated blonde sixth form nymphettes find themselves alone in the dormitory on a hot summer's night with just a selection of sex toys to keep them company? We don't know, and you won't find out from this video starring a couple of bored looking 48 year-old slappers in wigs. Half-heartedly dressed as sixth form schoolgirls, they quickly get down to business on a bunk bed in the back of a warehouse in Peckham, disinterestedly rubbing each others' tits for eight minutes to a soundtrack of mains humming. And that's it. Price £27.95.

HOT, HARD 'N' HORNY

Big John is a plumber who is called out by a horny 36DD housewife to change the washer on her tap. When that job is done, she gives him another - a blow job! And she finds out he's got a 10 inch tool in his overalls. You really have to see it to believe it. However, you don't see it, just six minutes of the back of her head moving up and down intercut with close-ups of him screwing his face up. We guarantee you will be shocked by how much you have paid for this truly shit film. Price £27.95.



**BUY NOW BEFORE WE'RE
PROSECUTED UNDER THE
TRADES DESCRIPTION ACT**

WARNING!

These videos are very unfulfilling, and we urge anyone who is easily disappointed not to buy them. They depict tame **SEXUAL ACTS**, in some cases of a blurred or wobbly nature that many viewers may find risible. It is not our intention to **AROUSE** or **EXCITE** the viewer, merely to mislead them into **PARTING** with their **HARD** earned cash without **BREAKING THE LAW** and indeed embarrass them into not asking for their **MONEY BACK**.



EIGHT WAY SEX PLAY

When four well hung studs meet four big titted chicks, the permutations are incalculable. It's everyone's ultimate fantasy, as the guys and girls do it in every possible (and some impossible!) position including sandwich, 'A' and 'O'. This is the hardest film we've ever seen, but due to heavy re-editing for legal reasons, it's unlikely to be the hardest you've ever seen. Shot in the seventies on super 8 and recently transferred to video by projecting it onto a warehouse door, the whole sorry four minutes is accompanied by the sound of the projector turning over and somebody reversing a van outside. Just as something vaguely sexy starts to happen, the film sticks and melts before your very eyes. Deeply dreadful. Price £27.95.

FREE!!

With every order we receive, we'll send you, absolutely FREE a quality love doll. Always willing and always available, these sex dolls will fulfill your every need, providing you're turned on by orange paddling pool vinyl and that you're not too dizzy after twenty minutes blowing it up. Well stacked with tits that look and feel like the half footballs that they are and equipped with 3 (yes 3!) inviting orifices, each with a razor sharp welded plastic seam guaranteed to cut your old man to ribbons in the unlikely event that you get aroused enough to try and shag it. Buy ALL 4 videos, and receive the deluxe model with vaginal vibrat unit plus vibrating throb control mouth, which will do nothing for you but will certainly affect next door's television reception, leaving them in no doubt as to what you're up to. Requires 24 AA batteries (not supplied).

Yes! I want you to have my home address and credit card details. Please send me the following videos.

- ☐ SIXTH FORM PREFECTS
☐ HOT HARD 'N' HORNY
☐ WIDE OPEN AND WILLING
☐ EIGHT WAY SEX PLAY

Send to: Randy Bollocks
Porn Products, PO Box 1,
Peckham.

Name.....Address.....Credit Card No.

If I'm not completely satisfied, and I won't be I can return the videos for you to sell to some other poor sod with full nuts. I will receive a cheque for the full amount drawn on the account of Randy Bollocks Porn Products with pictures of dildos drawn on it and the words 'Porn Video Refund' written on in big letters, which I will not dare take into my bank. I accept that this is my own fault.

Jobs for the boys...

Mechanics Reg Dawson and Trevor Todd were just opening up at the start of another busy week at Joskin Bros. Garage...

I don't know what's wrong with it. It's making a dreadful noise.

I bet your engine's shagged, Mrs. Collins. We're used to women shaggin' their engines, aren't we, Reg?

Aye. Don't worry, darlin'. We'll have a look at it. Come and pick it up at five o'clock.

Five o'clock? We'll never get it done by five. We're snowed under.

I know, but the new lad we took on, Dave, starts today, remember?

Oh, yeah!

Suddenly...

Wotcha, lads!

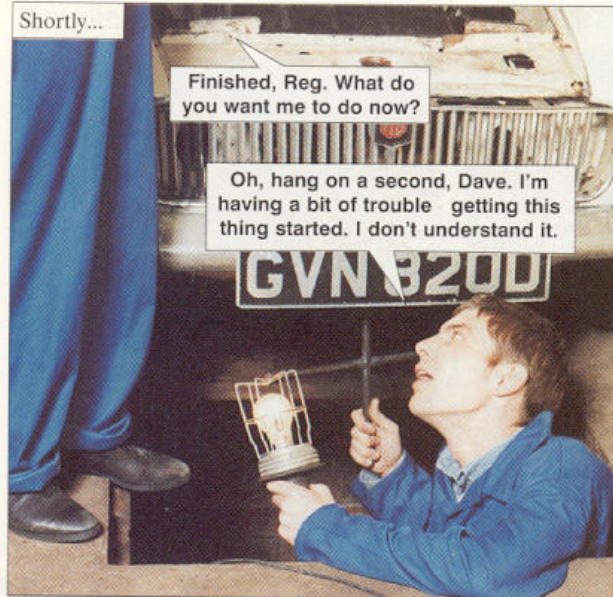
Oh, ayup, Dave. We were just talking about you.

I'm afraid we're going to chuck you in at the deep end, Dave. Can you fit a new gangle pin in this motor for us?

By Christ, Reg! He knows his stuff.

Too right. I think it was a good move taking him on.

Oh, yeah. A Satsuma Castanet, Mk II. That'll take a reverse spline 3/4 hex gangle pin on the underside of the rear glib shaft. Got to offer it up blind.



Later that day...

Aw, fuck! This is the wrong size. Throw us a size 10 spanner will you. Dave?

Erm... erm... It's okay. I'll bring it across.

No, just throw it.

Well, I'd really rather bring...

Well, here goes...!

Look, Dave. Stop making a fuss and just chuck him the fuckin' spanner!

Heurgh!

TDNK!

CLING!

TINK!

Erm... cheers, Dave.

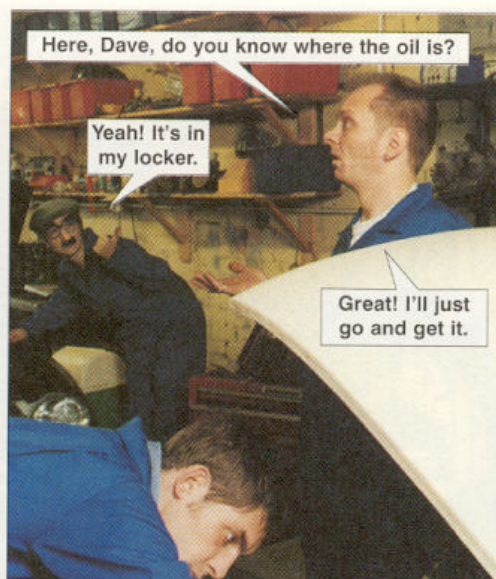
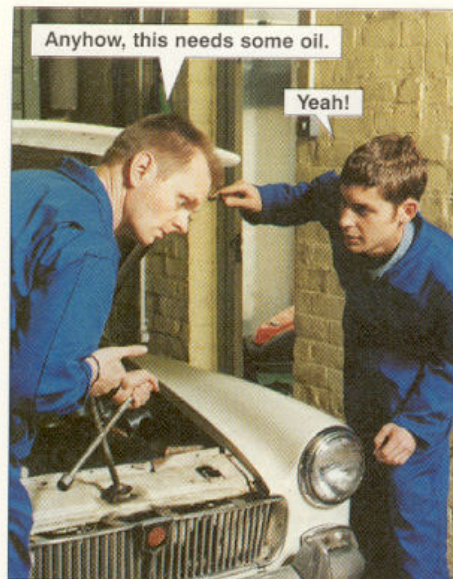
Did you see that?

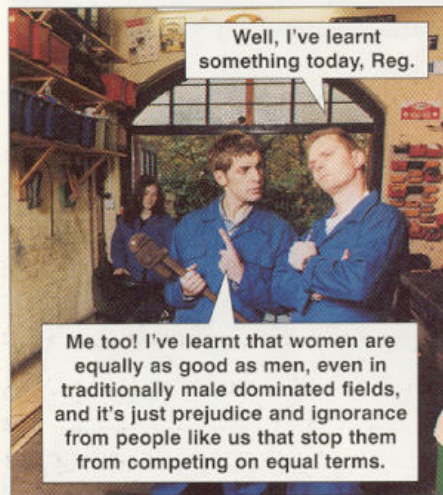
Yeah! He threw that spanner like a bloody woman.

He did. And have you ever noticed how he always goes in the cubicle when he has a piss?

Yeah! And I've never seen him scratch his nuts or hockle on the floor.

Hmmm! Something's not right.





ONCE AGAIN, OUR CHAMPION OF CHAUVINISM IS PATROLLING THE SUBURBS OF BIGTOWN CITY - ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ANY MAN IN PERIL. ANY MAN WHO NEEDS...



PHWOOR! THIS SEX-RAY VISION IS FUCKIN' GREAT! LOOK AT THE JUBBLES ON HER! GAW! YOU DON'T GET MANY OF THEM TO THE POUND!



BOLLOCKS! SHE'S GONE INTO THE BEDROOM. LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING NEXT DOOR!



...YOU SIT THERE ALL BLOODY DAY WHILST I SLAVE AWAY...

I'M TRYING TO WATCH THIS!



OH-OH! TROUBLE!

WELL NOW IT'S YOUR BLOODY TURN! I'M OFF TO THE BINGO. AND WHEN I COME BACK I WANT THIS PLACE TIDIED UP AND MY TEA READY!

AW BLOODY HELL FIRE



FEAR NOT!

CAPTAIN SEXIST! IS IT REALLY YOU?



IT'S ME! CHAMPION OF THE DOWNTRODDEN MALE!

YOUR MISSUS IS A BIT OF AN OLD BOOT ISN'T SHE?

YES AND IF I DON'T DO AS SHE SAYS SHE'LL HAVE MY KNACKERS ON HER HAT WHEN SHE GETS BACK!



...BUT I JUST WANT TO WATCH TELLY. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

JUST LEAVE IT TO THE SEXIST CAPTAIN WONDER!



ZOK!

I PUT HER BEST DRESS IN THE BOIL-WASH... WITH YOUR PURPLE PANTS!



GASP!

POW!



...HER GRANNY'S HEIRLOOM BONE CHINA DINNER SERVICE... IN THE DISHWASHER!

WOW!

WHAM!



WATCH! AS I CLEAN HER TEFLON FRYING PAN WITH A BRILLO PAD!

KRECH!

FAR TOO MUCH SALT IN THE POTATOES!



WOW CAPTAIN! YOU REALLY ARE A MAN-MARVEL!

LATER...

... I LEAVE YOU IN CHARGE FOR FIVE BLOODY MINUTES AND WHAT DO YOU DO- YOU RUIN ME BEST DRESS! AND THAT CHINA TEA SERVICE- WHAT'S LEFT OF IT- BELONGED TO MY GRANNY, YOU USELESS BLOODY IDIOT!



I'M SORRY LOVE. I DIDN'T THINK...

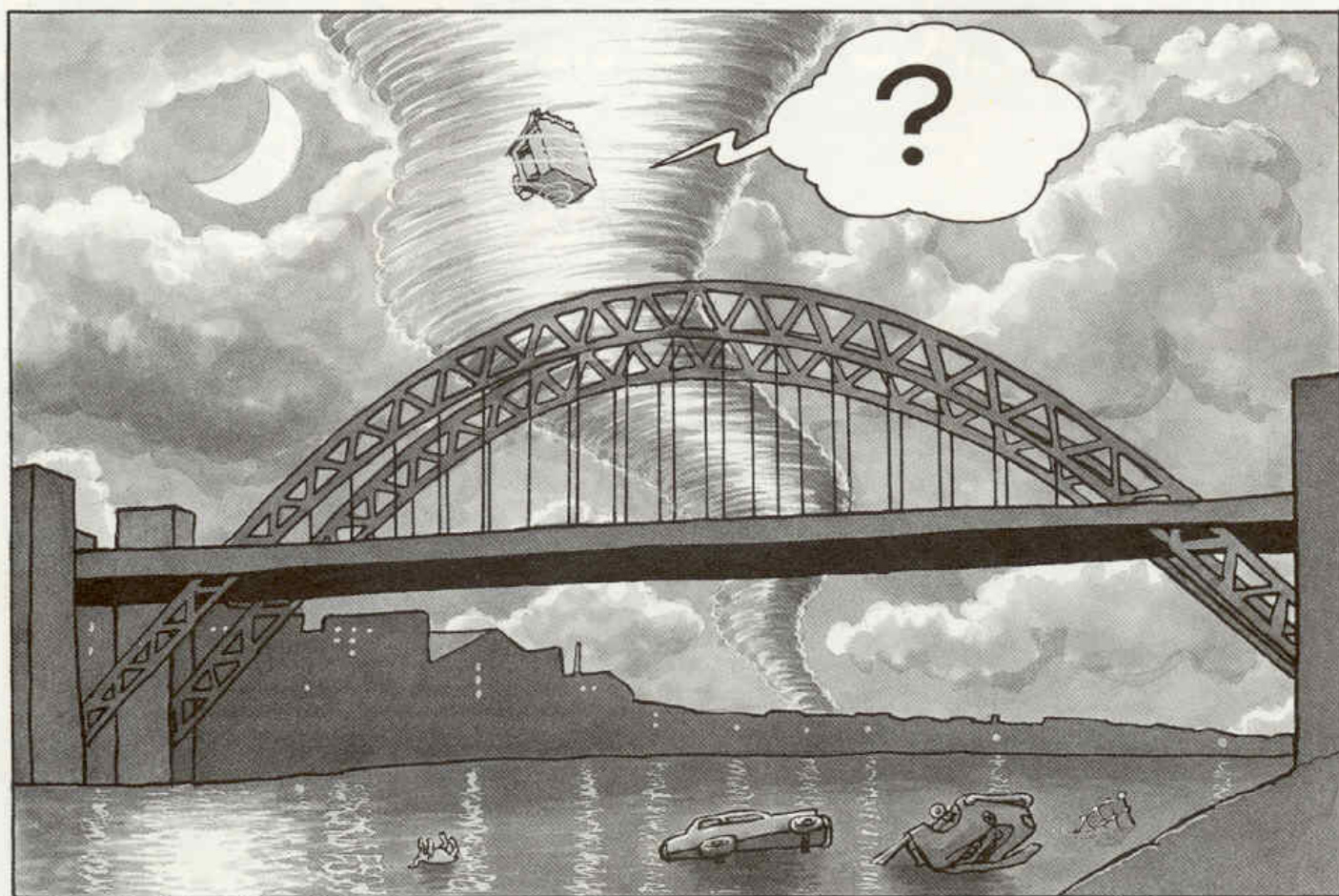
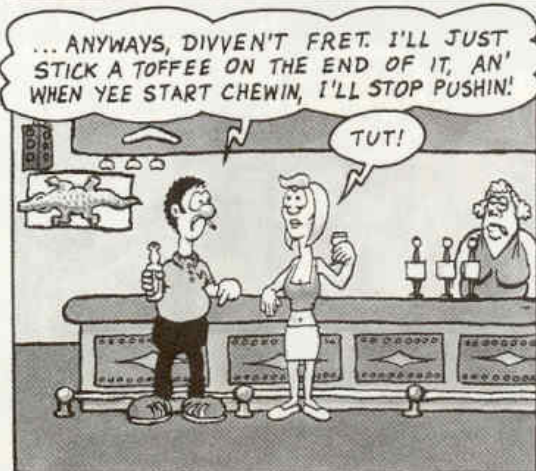
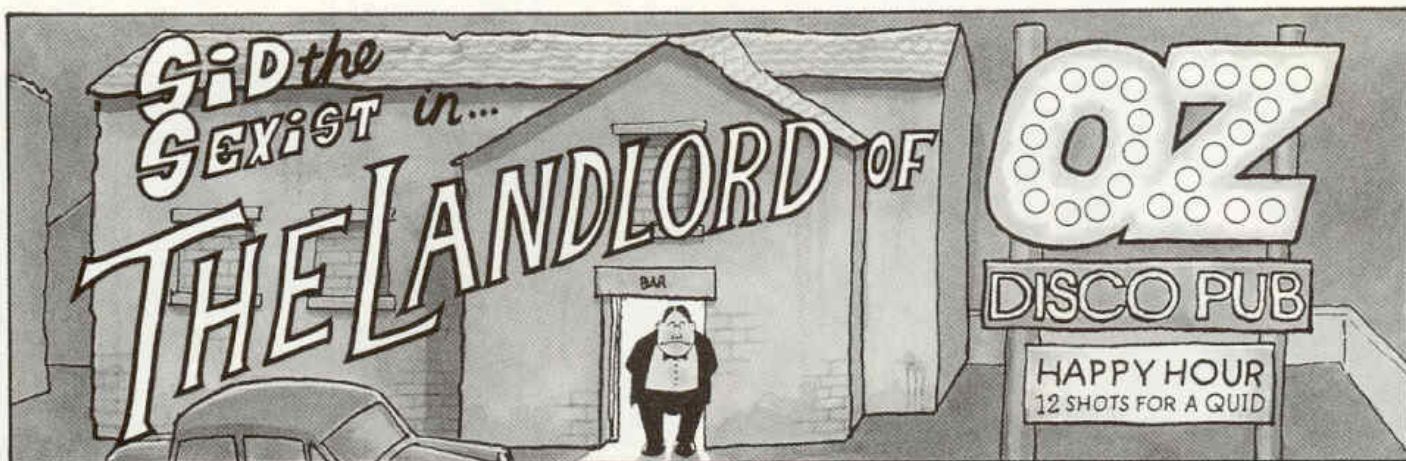
YOU NEVER THINK - YOU USELESS GREAT LUMP!

...WELL IN FUTURE YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING! IN FACT- YOU DON'T SET FOOT IN MY KITCHEN AGAIN, DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU JUST SIT IN THAT CHAIR LIKE THE USELESS BLOODY SLOB YOU ARE!



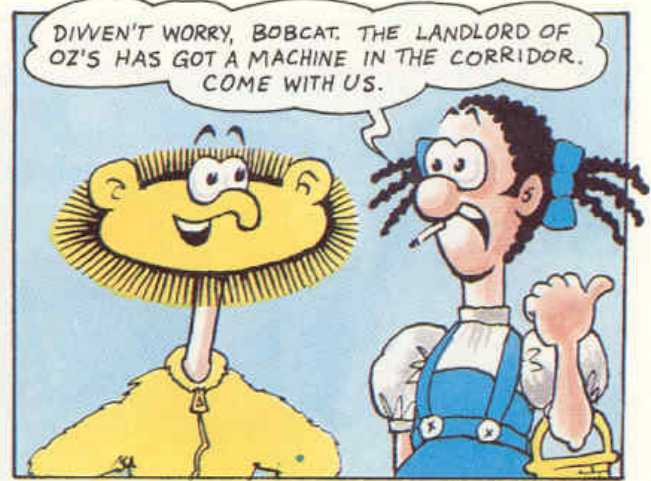
THANK-YOU CAPTAIN SEXIST... WHEREVER YOU ARE.

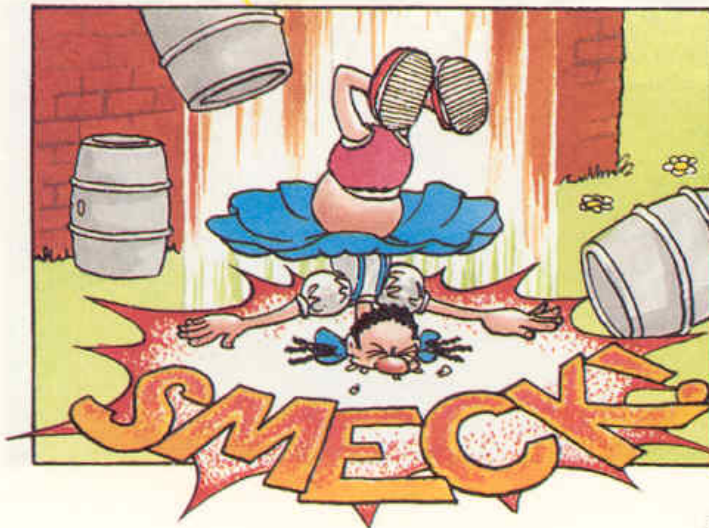
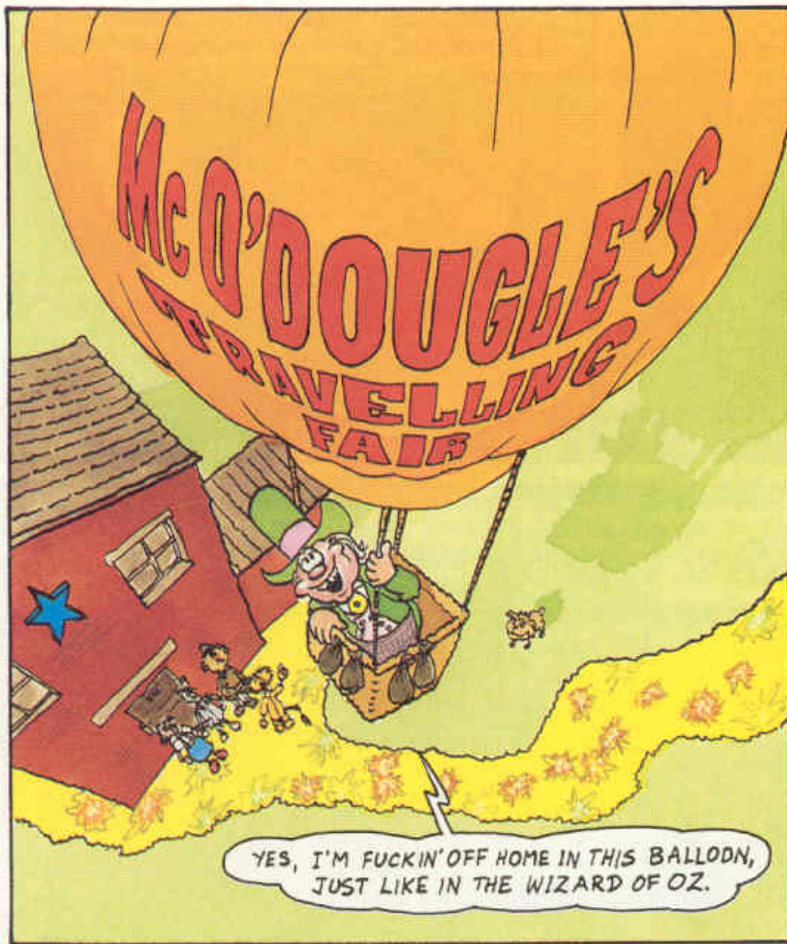
THE END

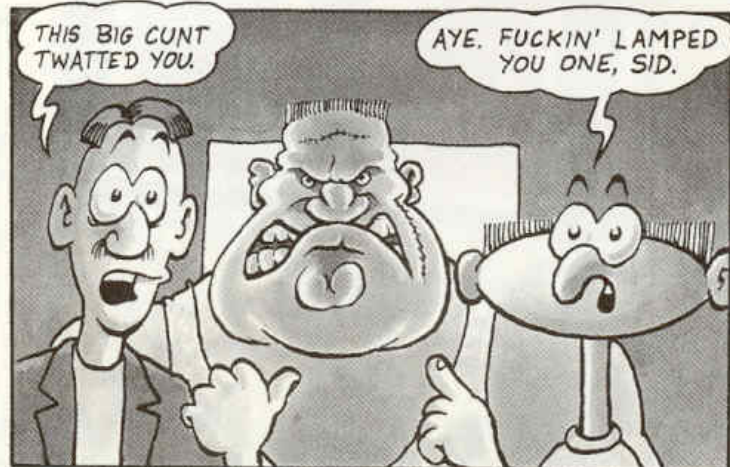
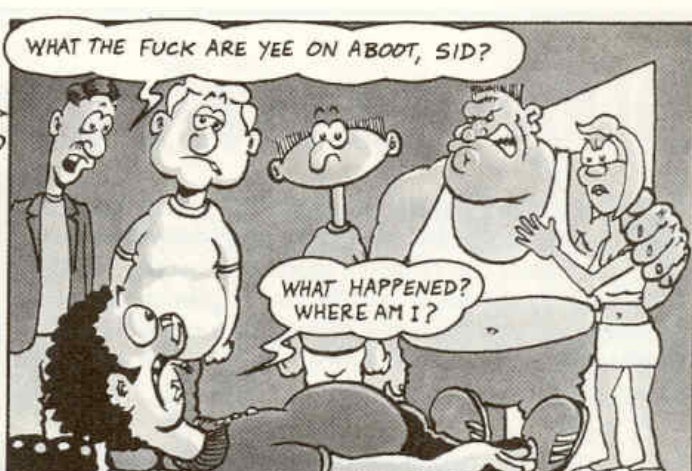












600 years of aesthetic femininity

FOR CENTURIES, the World's great artists have drawn their inspiration from women's tits. From Leonardo to Picasso, from Rembrandt to Rolf Harris, knockers have been one of the enduring themes to which the creative genius has returned time and again.

Now, the Royal Male invites you to join in celebrating 600 years of churns in art. Our new portfolio of postage stamps features some of the most beautiful and timeless headlamps selected from the greatest paintings in the World's most magnificent collections. They're yours to cherish in the privacy of your own lavatory for years to come.



7p; Agnolo Bronzino - *Man squeezing woman's left tit*, 1545. (Artichoke Gallery).
 8p; Auguste Renoir - *Les grande baps de baigneuses*, 1887. (Craft Cheese Gallery).
 9p; Paul Gauguin - *Nudie bird having a kip*, 1897. (Shipton Bequest).
 10p; Sandro Botticelli - *The Charlies of Venus*, 1485. (Magic Roundabout Gallery).
 11p; Pablo Picasso - *Three wonky topless birds*, 1925. (The Tate & Lyle Gallery).
 12p; Michelangelo - *Dolly bird with knocker out*, 1500. (The Vision On Gallery).
 £8.23; Paul Cezanne - *Baywatch*, 1900. (Collection of Chubby Brown).
 £9.06; Reg Ingres - *Stripper from Nottingham*, 1806. (Louvre Door Gallery).

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Mr B.,
 Essex

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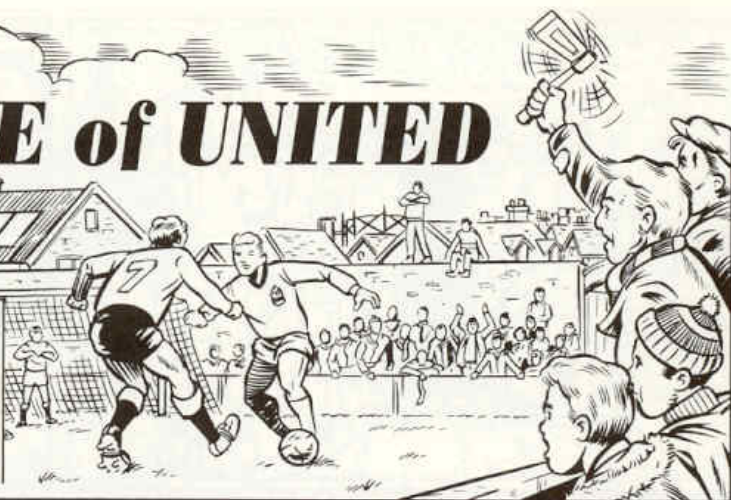
NB - After 12 years, you may receive
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 IRONING and HOOVERING UP.



GEORDIE of UNITED

Miner Geordie Millstone worked 12 hours every day of the week, but Saturday was different, it saw him turn out for his local football team, West Allotment Casuals. Geordie had a dream that one day he would pull on the Black and White shirt of Oldcastle United



One Saturday after a good win for West Allotment...



I'm Duggie Watson, Oldcastle talent scout. I was very impressed with your performance out there today. Watching you from the terraces I can see you have skills that could take you to a higher level than this. How would you like to turn out for United?



The Black and Whites! How could I say no?

Okay, son. This Saturday. It's the big match against Redchester Rovers. You'll start off on the bench but the boss might put you on for the last ten minutes if you're lucky

Think you can handle it, Son?



I won't let you down, I've lived for this moment

See you Saturday



Down the pit...

Well, Geordie, tomorrow's your big day, lad. Good luck. We'll be watchin' out for you



Next day...

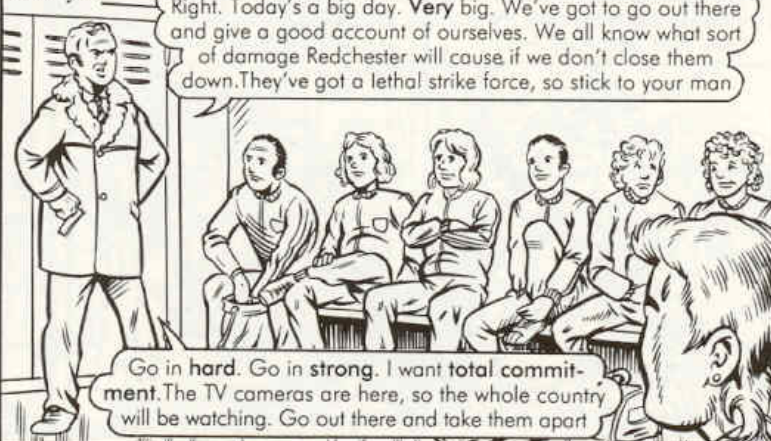


You're Geordie Millstone, the new signing! Can I have your autograph?



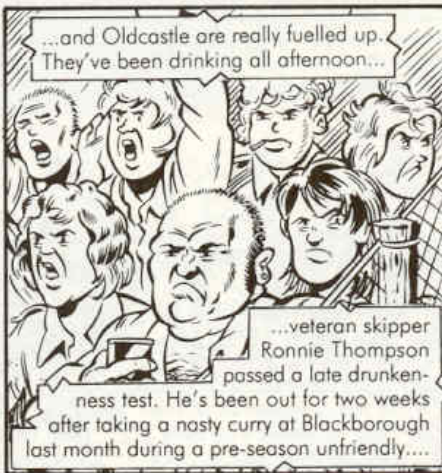
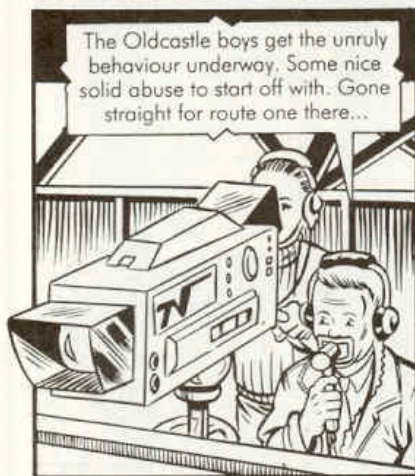
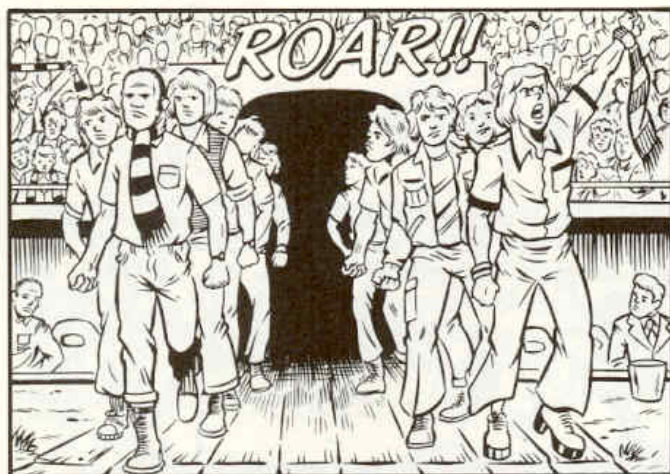
Shortly...

Right. Today's a big day. **Very** big. We've got to go out there and give a good account of ourselves. We all know what sort of damage Redchester will cause if we don't close them down. They've got a lethal strike force, so stick to your man



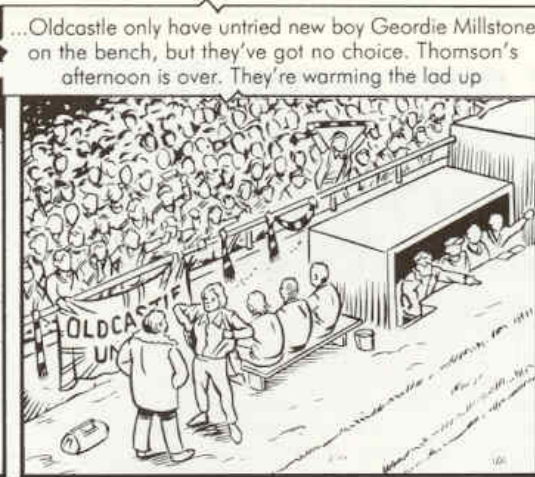
Right. Get your boots on. And remember, **enjoy yourselves**







And the Oldcastle trainer is on with the magic sponge... the copper's insisting he's carried off. Oh dear, this looks bad for Thomson...



...Oldcastle only have untried new boy Geordie Millstone on the bench, but they've got no choice. Thomson's afternoon is over. They're warming the lad up



Go on son! Finish it! Get it down your neck! Drink lager! Drink lager! Go out there! Them Redchester boys...one of them call your mam a whore!...

I'll kick their fuckin' heads in!

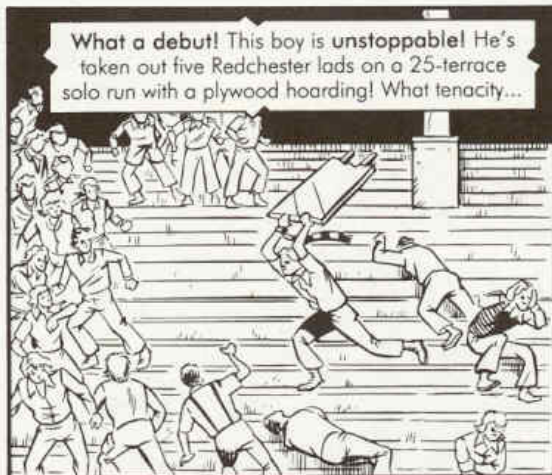


That's it Son! Keep that spirit up

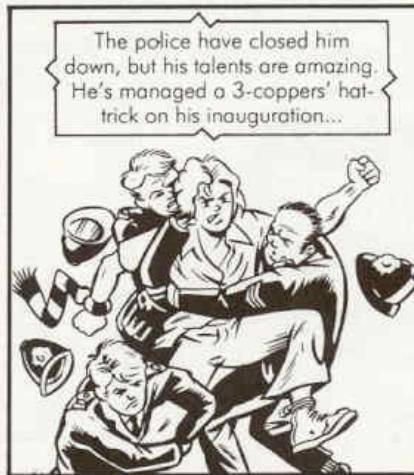
You're goin' home in a fu-kin' am-bu-lance!



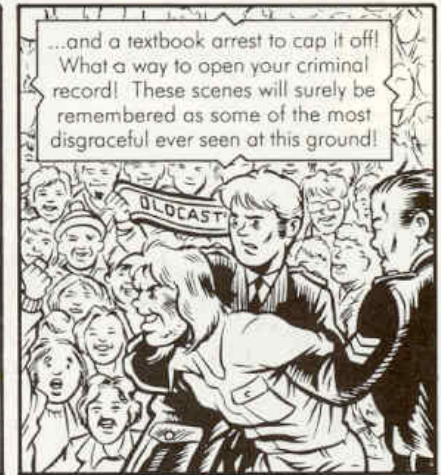
...Oh, and the new boy's straight into the action, showing good use of both feet. He's turned his man brilliantly. Tremendous skill!



What a debut! This boy is unstoppable! He's taken out five Redchester lads on a 25-terrace solo run with a plywood hoarding! What tenacity...



The police have closed him down, but his talents are amazing. He's managed a 3-coppers' hat-trick on his inauguration...



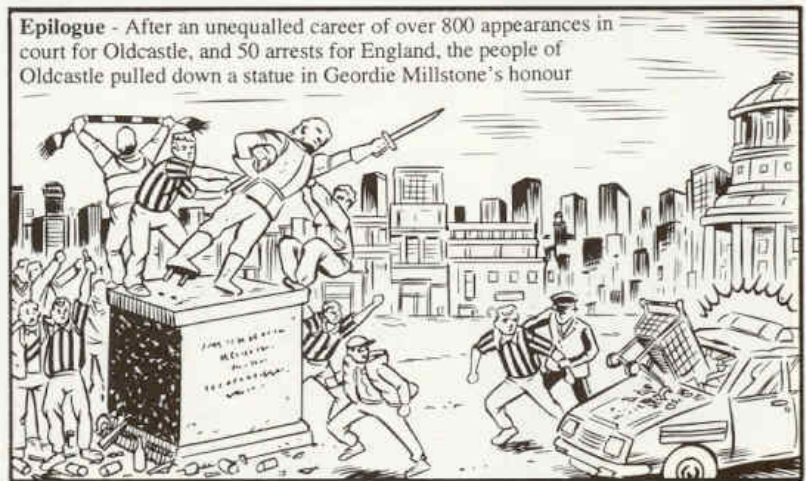
...and a textbook arrest to cap it off! What a way to open your criminal record! These scenes will surely be remembered as some of the most disgraceful ever seen at this ground!



The next day...

Look, Mum. I've put Oldcastle back on the map! We're out of Europe...thanks to me!

I'm so proud of you, Son



Epilogue - After an unequalled career of over 800 appearances in court for Oldcastle, and 50 arrests for England, the people of Oldcastle pulled down a statue in Geordie Millstone's honour

Your Medical Questions Answered



Dear Dr. Smutt,
How much fags is it safe to smoke?

Frank.
Walford

Dr. Smutt replies

It is safe to smoke upwards of 80 or 100 tabs a day. My grandad smoked 270 a day from the age of six, and he was killed running for a bus when he was 104. His brother, who didn't never smoke was ran over by a bus when he was 28.

Dr. Smutt is a proper doctor and knows what he's on about

For everyone life is difficult sometimes. But for people like Stanley it's difficult all the time.



For people like Stanley (not his real name) a trip to the shop (it's Sidney) to buy some tabs can turn into a nightmare. An evening at the pub often ends in an ambulance trip to hospital. Taking a girl to the cinema will almost certainly end in him being kicked in the pods. Society shuns him, people avoid him in the street. Because, through no fault of his own, Stanley is a twat. Shortly after his birth, he began showing the first signs of the dismal personality which now leaves him a sad and pathetic laughing-stock amongst his peers and, more importantly to Stanley, deeply repellent to women. Because of his boorish, unpleasant behaviour, no self-respecting woman would touch him with a bargepole. There is nothing that can be done to change his personality and give him a chance of scoring. The future is bleak. As he gets older, he'll simply become more of a twat. Deep down he knows he'll never break his duck.

But you can help make Stanley's life more bearable:

£1 will buy him a week's viewing of the Fantasy Channel on Satellite

£5 will buy a glossy top shelf scud mag and a box of man-size tissues

£10 will buy a copy of Sluts International on VHS

£15 will pay for a three minute phone call to a sex line terminating in Ulan Bator

£50 will get him a deeply regrettable blow job off a woman in a pub car park

Think about people like Stanley when you're on the job. And please help

Fuck off. I'm not giving any money to twats like that. ☐ I enclose nowt.
Signed.....Name.....
Address.....
Send to: Sexist Appeal. FREEPOST. Leeds

Less than 98% of the money we raise is eaten up by administration and the staff Christmas party.

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- * HAPPY HOUR OVERCHARGING AT THE BAR
- * RAT SHIT * NO ROOM SERVICE

40 imaginatively appointed bedroom suites, crammed into a standard two bedroomed end terraced house. A single room costs from as little as 50p a minute for two people. There's no reservations necessary so come stay with us and get away from it all for 15 minutes or so.

SIDNEY 14-16

spake unto him out of the window in a voice of thunder saying, Begone 8 Ace who is begat of 32 Eiger.
34 And he took up his tins and dwelt in his shed.

CHAPTER 14.

AND it came to pass that on the seventh day there came from the North East Sidney, who was begat of his mam who dwelt in the land of Byker.

2 And he came down unto the town of New Castle to go to the pub to seek his friends.

3 And he came upon Joe who is begat of Big Joe and Bob and Barry, who is called Baz. And they looked upon their glasses and saw that they were barren. And Sidney was cast forth unto the bar that they were replenished even unto the fourth pint. For it was written that it was His shout.

4 And Sidney did buy the round and some crisps of salt and vinegar and cheeses and onions and the scratchings of the swine of the fields, even unto two bags. And the others who were gathered looked upon the round and they saw that it was good.

5 So they sat back and did drink deeply of the lagers and were becalmed. And they began to cast their lecherous eyes upon the women of the pub and they were tempted for they had fashioned their garments one cubit above the knee and did leave little to the imagination, I can tell you.

6 And their heads were full of unclean thoughts. And Sidney beheld a woman's jugs and did cover them for they were indeed smashing. And he nudged Barry who is called Baz and passed adulterous comment and blasphemed saying he wouldn't mind a faceful of them.

7 But Baz did mock him, saying that he was virgin and chaste and celibate, and that he hath known not a woman though be he one score and eight.

8 Yet did Sidney answer and spake unto those who sat with him, saying these words were untrue, and that the women he hath known were multitude and numbered more than the lilies of the field or the birds of the air.

9 But his friends laughed and reproached him saying, cease with these falsehoods, Sidney, for we are wise to your ways. And they accused him saying that he did take up the Freeman's catalogue and seek the bra pages and spill his seed upon the ground. And they pointed at him and sang cherry boy, cherry boy.

10 And Sidney rose up and great was his anger.

11 And he rebuked them in an terrible voice, saying that they were all a bunch of cunts. But yet did they mock him and great was his woe for he knew in his heart that it was true.

12 And in his wrath he did spill the pint of Dave, who is called Mental who sat at the table on his right hand and his pint was cast upon the sticky carpet. And Mental who had a head of skin looked upon it and great was his displeasure. And Sidney spake to him a parable; Behold, for I want not any trouble. But Mental had got the mist, and lo, the mist was red. And he smiled not upon Sidney, but smote him an

mighty blow in the teeth.

13 And again.

14 And thrice did he lamp Sidney whose fall was as that of a sack of spuds and great was his suffering.

15 And they heard the voice of the LANDLORD standing behind the bar. And he was sore vexed and spake unto them in a loud voice saying, Yeez lot, oot.

16 And Sidney and Joe who is begat of Big Joe and Bob and Barry who is called Baz were cast out into the car park. And there was much cursing of the name of Sidney and much gnashing of teeth and they wished pestilence upon his head.

CHAPTER 15.

AND it came to pass that after holding counsel they did reach a covenant that they maketh their passage to the house of Ke-Bab, by the bus station. And so they did.

2 And they entered the house. And they looked upon the kebab revolving on the altar and did ask of themselves what was in it.

3 And Baz spoke saying that it was made of the nads and the lips and eyelids of the goat and the cow and the sheep and the cat and all the unclean parts thereof, even unto the chopper and ringpiece.

4 And great was the plague of flies upon the kebab. And the price of the kebabs was one pound and nine and ninety.

5 And Sidney and Joe who is begat of Big Joe and Bob and Barry who is called Baz spoke saying, Four kebabs pal. And the shopkeeper was called Stavros.

6 And Stavros said, Seven pound and six and nine-ty, matey peeps. And he began preparations for their feast and he did scratch his nuts and take the unleavened bread.

7 And Sidney spoke another parable unto his three disciples; Verily I say unto you, That Dave who is called Mental was geet lucky, for had the LANDLORD not stepped in, yea would I surely have slain the baldy fucker.

8 And they heard a voice and the voice said, Oh yeah? And they turned about them and beheld Dave who is called Mental, for he had likewise journeyed to the house of Ke-Bab.

9 And Sidney's raiments of Levi became besoiled. And he spoke another parable saying; Hello Dave who is called Mental. I was just talking about you.

10 And he spoke another parable saying; Hello another Dave who is called Mental.

11 But Dave who is called Mental believed not Sidney's falsehood and great was his wrath.

12 And mighty was the smoting that Sidney took up the bracket and elsewhere. And Joe who is begat of Big Joe and Bob and Barry who is called Baz stepped not in for Sidney, but did look at their footwear. They denied Sidney and He was forsaken.

CHAPTER 16.

AND it came to pass that Sidney was put upon a litter. And Joe who is begat of Big Joe and Bob and Barry who is called Baz did journey with him to the land of the Royal General Infirmary, whereupon

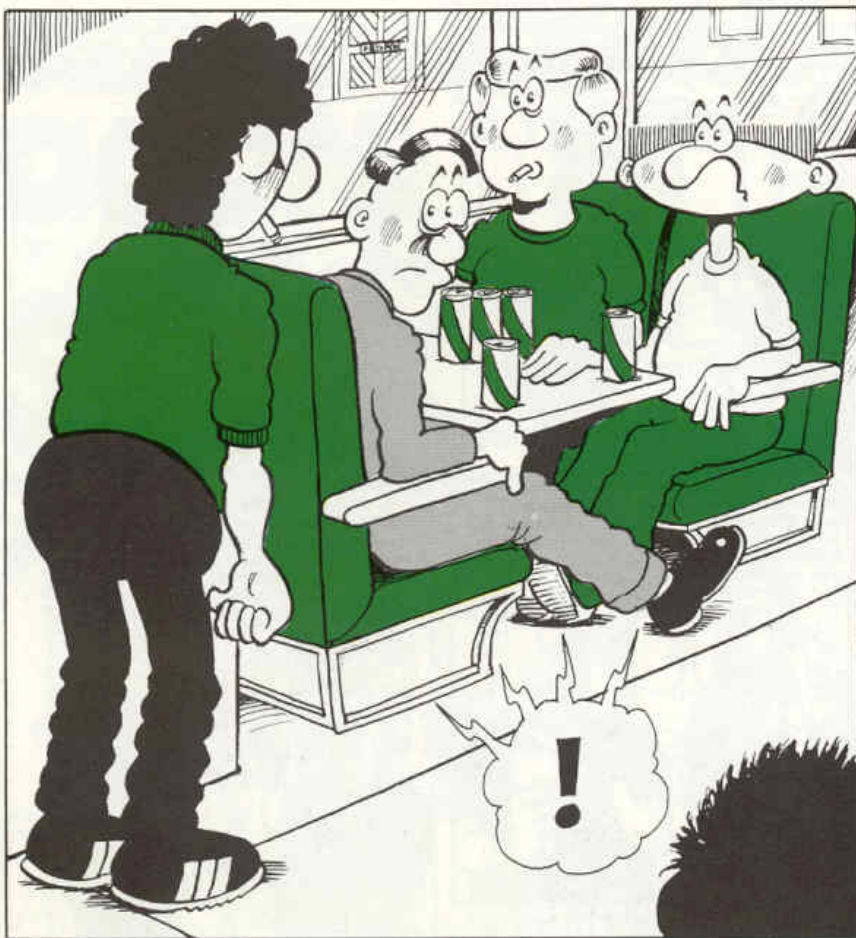
Sid the SEXIST

DOON the SMURK

MORE FOUL-MOUTHED FUNNIES WITH YOUR FOUR-LETTER FRIENDS



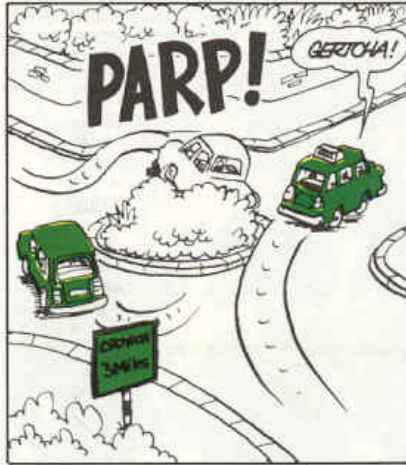




'ERE, WOT'S APPENED T'YAW BLOKE THEN EH? FIFTEEN MILLION HE COST YA, AN' WOT'S 'E DAN? EH? FACK AWL, THAT'S WOT. TWO LEFT FEET 'E'S GOT, FACKIN' WABBISH MIND YOU, 'E AD T' GET RID O' THAT COLE GEEZAH. I MEAN, I'M NO RACIST, BAT HE...



AN HOUR LATER... AN' THE FING IS, SHE'S STILL GOT AWL 'ER OWN TEEF AN' SHE WAS 'ERE AWL FREW THE DARK DAYS OF THE BLITZ, SHE WAS, DODGIN' BLADDY DOODLEBAGS, NOT LIKE THAT FIWFY NORVERN TRAITER GRACIE WOTS'ER-BLADDY-NAME, GOIN' SWANNIN' OFF T' CAPRI TILL IT WAS ALL OVER...



ANOTHER HOUR LATER... AN' / SEZ / SHOULD FACKIN' COCOA, BAT IT'S THESE FACKIN' MURDERERS THAT GET ME, I MEAN THEY DO A MURDER AN' GET PUT IN THE NICK AN' IT'S LIKE THE FACKIN' RITZ. I MEAN, I'D ANG 'EM I WOULD, I'D DO IT, I'D PULL THE FACKIN' LEVER MESSIN'... FINK TWICE ABAHT DOIN' ANAVVER MURDER THEN, THEY WOULD.



ANOTHER HOUR LATER... GOT RID O' NATIONAL SERVICE THEY SHOULDN'T. I RECKON EVERYONE DOOS IS SHOULD DO TWO YEARS NATIONAL SERVICE F'QUEEN AN' CANTRY, AP AT SIX, SQUARE BASHIN', SHININ' YER BOOTS WIV A SPOON, THAT'D SAWT 'EM AAHT, NEVER DID ME ANY 'ARM, MIND YOU, I DIDN'T DO IT, ON ACCAHT OF ME FEET BEIN' FLAT, Y' SEE...



AND ANOTHER... BAT THE REAL TRASSLE WIV THE YOOF OF TODAY IS, THAT THEY AIN'T GOT NO RESPECT FOR THE OWLD FOLKS, THEIR ELDERS AN' BETTERS, 'CAUSE THEY JAST DON'T...



GAW! WOT ARE THEY LIKE, EH, SAM OF 'EM? MIND YOU, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS 'OO I 'AD IN THE BACK O' THIS TAXI LARST WEEK. NAAAAH, GAW ON, 'AVE A GUESS...



RIGHT THEN, LET'S 'AVE A BUTCHER'S... THAT'S TWO 'ANDRED AN' NINETY QUID PLEASE, JOHN, SORRY ABAHT, TRAFFIC'S BLADDY MURDER, INNIT?

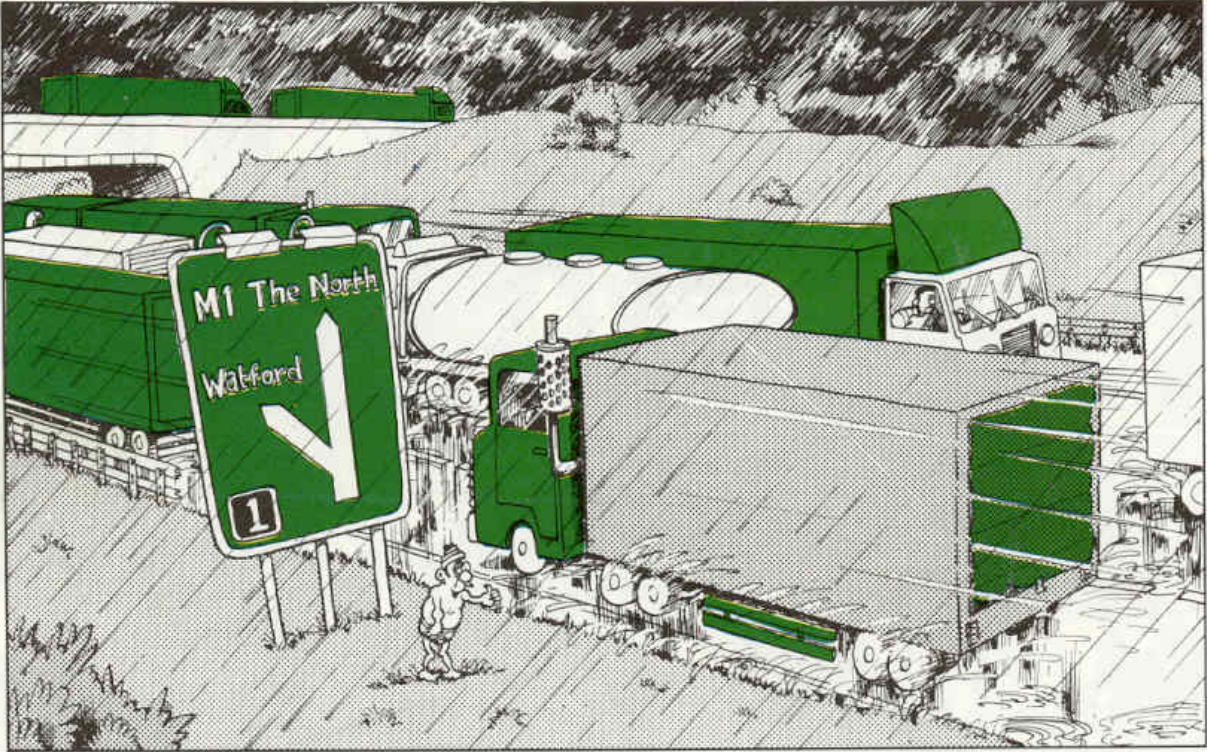


HEH! HEH! HEH! FANKS A FACKIN' BANCH, YER BLEEDIN' NORVERN PONCE!









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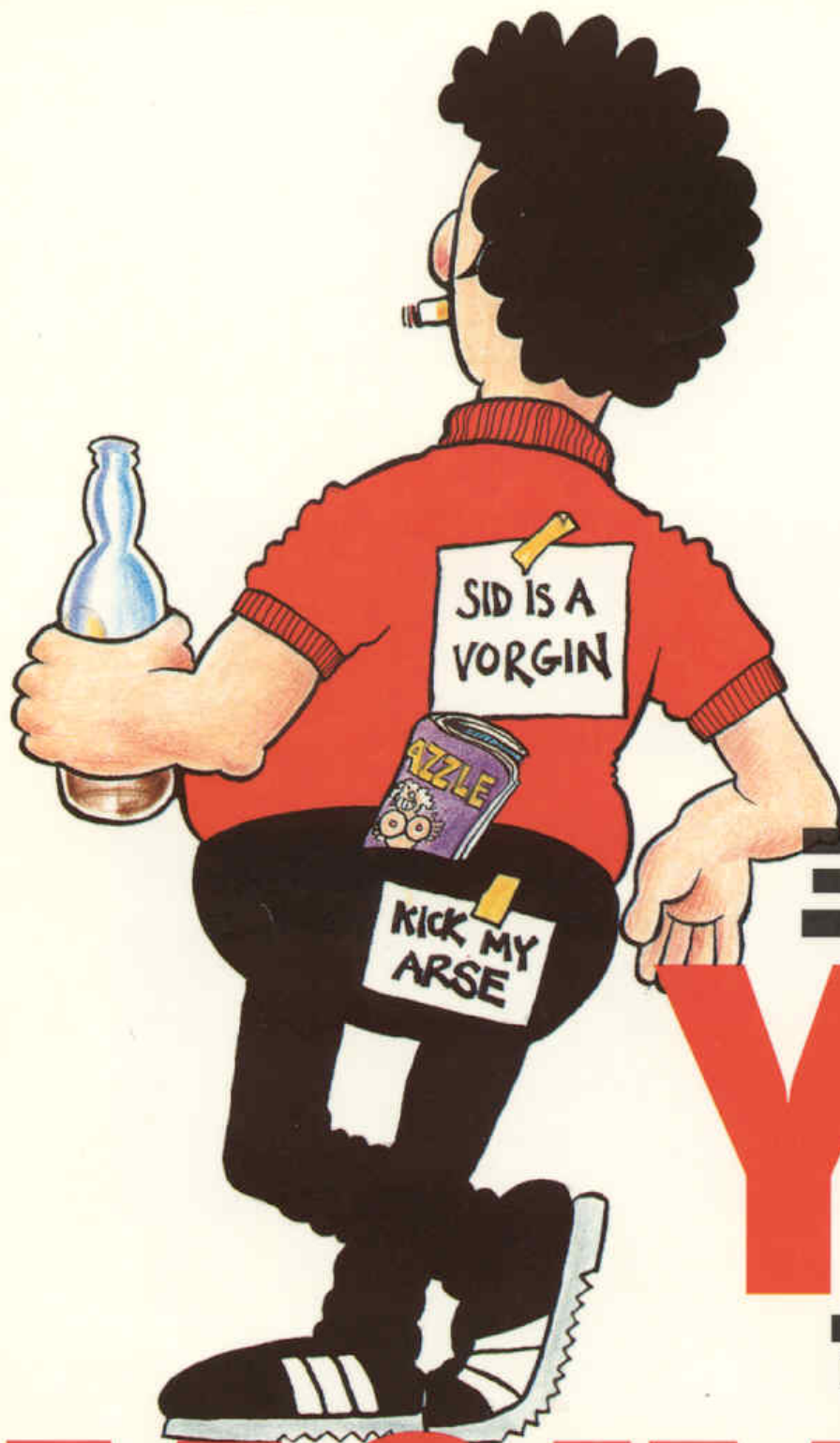
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